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AVEDON

COVER: In a great year for sweaters, the news of dazzle at night. Anne Klein's silvery-green knit sweater set—cardigan, tank top, and long skirt. With more news—more dazzle—muffling the neck. Of rayon and Lurex; about \$120. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rike's; L. S. Ayres. . . . In the light of all the dazzle: a warmth of shimmery color on the mouth—here, Russet Automatic Lip Gloss over Persimmon Naturally Moist Lipcolor, from Elizabeth Arden. Coral-gold-and-diamond earrings with chrysoprase loops, by Van Cleef & Arpels. Franklyn Welsh coif.

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## Wash'n Wear

### LASHES WITHOUT A CARE

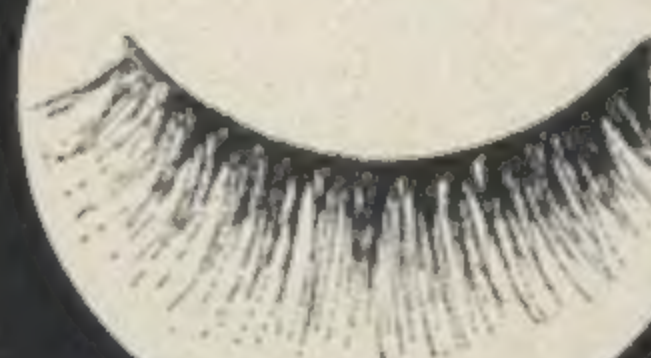


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# VOGUE TRAVEL

Wastelands, like a rust desert, convolute into mountain buttresses, support the high plateaus in Iran. The ancient people constructed water channels—*qanat*—105 feet underground. There was an increase of flocks and herds and plenty of natural fertilizer. These were the beginnings. Rich valleys of jade colors became Pasargad, Persepolis,

## IRAN NOW: WONDERS TO BE SEEN

*Amazing tile mosaics inside a prayer room in Isfahan's Masjid-i-Jami, The Friday Mosque.*



Shiraz, Isfahan, Teheran: capitals of the Persian dynasties.

Teheran is the city where one arrives and leaves, the start to all other Iranian towns. It is guarded by secret police, high security, as if the government sat upon a tinderbox. It is a city without a memory. Waifs stroll the streets.

The Archaeological Museum ties together the histories of the dynasties and their architectures in a beautiful exhibit of Persian art and artifacts, no longer to be bought by the traveler in Iran.

The jewels of the kingdom are concentrated in the National Bank, collateral to an unworldly fortune. The Gulistan Palace Museum treasures the Peacock

Throne. This is the center of pomp and ceremony of the Pahlavi dynasty, a dynasty that is pro-Western, yet shares a large border with Russia. Iran is a feudal land—where many people live on a "na-mir" salary—eat just enough to keep from dying—but some can enjoy smoked salmon from Scotland and tourists down tablespoons of grey caviar.

1 • A two-hour flight with Iran Air took us from Teheran to Shiraz. The ruling dynasty of Pars (Persia), near Shiraz, conquered the kingdom of Media in 550 B.C. Cyrus the Great, Emperor of Persia, ruled this kingdom—which stretched from Egypt to Babylonia, from the River Indus to Anatolia.

## Six short trips take you into ancient Persia

*By Mary McFadden*

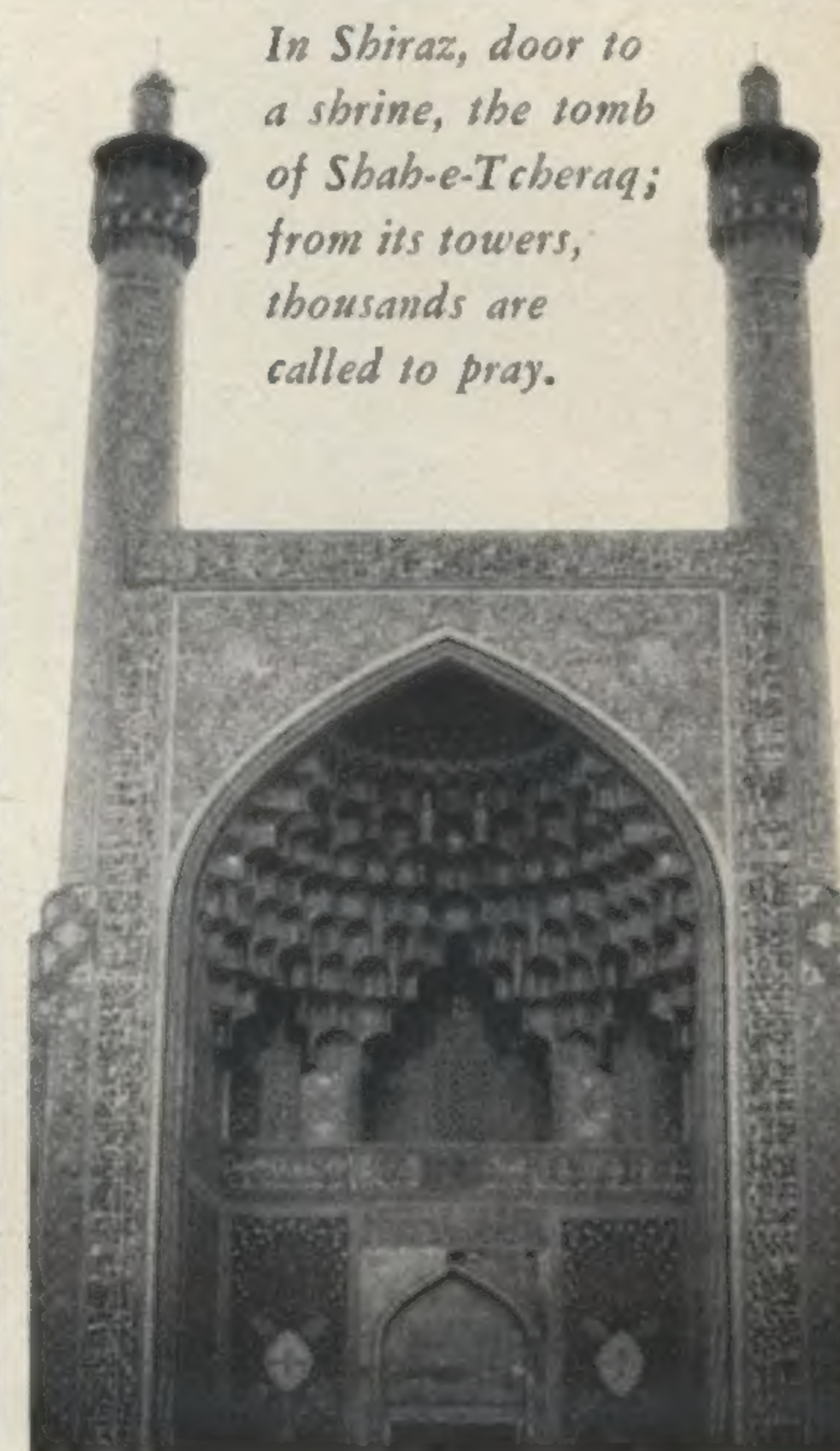
2 • Today, Cyrus's capital, Pasargad (two hours by car from Shiraz), is mowed down, stark, vacant. Pigeon nests are hats on columns that once supported Cyrus's palace. His tomb: limestone blocks in six steps, each narrower than the one below; where once a sarcophagus of gold lay, now there is nothing. The inscription reads: "Here I lie, Cyrus, King of Kings. I acquired the Empire for the Persians and was King of Persia; grudge me not therefore my monument." Now, shepherds lead their flocks three times around the tomb, spattering milk from their pails on the stone: Cyrus's sentinals.

3 • The later rulers of the Achaemenid Empire, Darius and Xerxes, began the work at Persepolis (an hour's drive from Shiraz) in 518 B.C.

*Mammoth stone columns that once held a vast wooden roof, survivors of the palace Darius began in 518 B.C. at Persepolis.*



*In Shiraz, door to a shrine, the tomb of Shah-e-Tcheraq; from its towers, thousands are called to pray.*



The architecture there combines the bas-reliefs of Assyria with Ionic columns topped by lintels of Phoenician timber. Entrances are monumental Babylonian portals; the great halls, influenced by the palaces of Anatolia, Armenia, Azerbaijan. Darius constructed the massive enclosure walls, but Xerxes was the great builder. During his reign, Achaemenid art reached its classic development.

Early morning at Persepolis: the sun disk appears behind the purple mountains, wise guardians. Light climbs upward along the edge of stone staircases; then a first glimpse of the heraldic symbol—the lion tearing the hindquarters of the rearing bull. We climbed the staircases; seventy-six nobles are carved on either side. Under the symbol of Ahura Mazda, Darius stepped out with scepter and lotus to welcome his guards and review the Immortals. All prostrated themselves in adoration.

Late in the day we visited the tomb (Continued on page 99)





HER FOLLOWING lights up for the sure-fire shirtdress. A puff of wool flannel by Fabric Directions. Kasper for Joan Leslie.

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# 72

## ONE WOMAN'S VOTE

*Starting here,  
a new series: political news  
and ideas for all women  
from one of America's  
most distinguished writers  
Part I: Women and power*

BY ELIZABETH HARDWICK

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson: "We learned today that Dudley Malone had espoused the cause of those detestable suffragette pickets. If anyone had told us that Dudley Malone could be such a traitor we would not have believed it. . . .

My precious one did not come home from the office until six-thirty and was so weary it broke my heart to look at him."

Mrs. Wilson, an obstinate, powerful widow married to the President of the United States, stands forth as the embodiment of the feminine temptation to domesticate even the highest matters of justice and public good down to inconvenience, fatigue, and the avoidance of worry. But she was only an attendant figure, a political wife, one of those creatures whose variety and style of attendance enliven the footnotes of history. Put in the center of the stage, women appear immediately immune to such temptations. Golda Meir and Indira Gandhi, leaders of complex countries caught in situations of crisis, confound us by the absence of anything in their tenure that can clearly be said to have been born of woman.

This year women have projected themselves into the center of American political life, carrying along with them their numbers in the population and their claim to be not only citizens but a group of citizens with an identity—female. About 40 percent of the delegates to the Democratic Convention

and close to 30 percent of the delegates for the Republicans were women.

Our country has always had groups to haunt the calculations of politicians. They could be heard in the candidates' dreams, saying: "I am a farmer"; "I am a manufacturer"; "I am poor"; "I have worked hard and saved a little." These are political pounds to be weighed on the scales of policy. Political groups out of necessity will have to be large enough to count, to be significant. However, if a group is too large, no program for the benefit of its many millions can be specially designed. The group is then society itself with its wearisome, threatening unpredictability and its ghastly, multitudinous problems. There is a question whether women rightly can be judged a political pressure group—except in their exclusion on the grounds of sex. To exclude is to set apart. But once admitted, once given power commensurate with their existence in the population—they are then mere citizens, Americans.

The matter is more tangled. You cannot be *admitted* to political power except in the granting of enfranchisement. The real thing must be "won," and every woman in public office will take power from a man or from another woman. Mayors and Governors and Senators and Presidents are not persons whose time on the stage of history has at last arrived. They are victors, individual winners; and sometimes they wear a wreath gained in the dark, so to speak, in an ignoble underbrush of manipulation and cunning.

Women have only begun to enter the race that counts. Delegates to the conventions won a right to give their yea to a choice of candidates already pushed to the stage by the political process. If a political party is in good health, some believe its convention will then open with a candidate already chosen as a result of his own incumbency. What the large percentage of women delegates win, in such a case, is merely a chance to take part in a unanimity.

Perquisites, real and beguiling, go along with even the smallest office in America. Enter the hotel or the bar near the State House when the legislature is in session and you see the pleasures of knowledgability, the clubbishness of politics. And most of the legislators are serving an apprenticeship demanded by their party before going on to compete for the next post. To visit the offices in Washington is to visit a round table of noble knights, not one of whom will consent to "step down" without a fierce battle. Congressman Emmanuel Celler, eighty-four years old, was defeated in a New York primary by a young woman of thirty, Elizabeth Holtzman. "It will be very difficult for me to enter into slippered ease," the

old man said, after fifty years in the House of Representatives.

Being born a Democrat or a Republican matters. There is an obsessional quality in politics, and many hidden longings and fears go into what seems on the surface to be a clear choice of values. Parents and grandparents pass on to their children a mysterious weave of assumptions, prejudices, resentments, and alliances. What is important, who is deserving, who undeserving? Above all, what is the real America and who represents it, who threatens it? Nations and political ideas have images of themselves which are necessarily vague and blurred but hardly unimportant. Campaigns give expression to various ways of looking at the ideal. They are concerned with fantasies of a return to the simple or with dreams of a magical leap to new horizons, new frontiers. People wish to hear the promises, and candidates love to utter them.

Women are, inevitably, caught like everyone else in the net of nostalgia. They thrash about in the bounds of the family spirit and opinions that have come down to them disguised as the fruit of observation, experience, as truth itself. It has been thought that if women had political power they might represent a higher and more humane conscience for the world. The sufferings of war, of children, of the old and the sick would, we imagine, present themselves with a special urgency to women. Attention to sheer power as an idea, a dream has been the exhilaration of men—or so the mythology has it.

Thus far, women in politics have not differed greatly from men. It might be argued that their election and participation have been confined by the rarity of their position, their small numbers, the sometimes gratuitous nature of their presence at the top as the widows or wives of former officeholders. George Wallace's success in running his first wife, Lurleen, for Governor of Alabama was a bold clinging to power that did not distress the voters. Still she ran not as a woman but as a wife, a complex conception not every man would want to count on.

To get true political power, women will have to take it from its present holders—men. For some time to come, until the distribution is somewhat more equitable, part of their presentation of qualification for office will be that they are women, deserving support on that ground. This will work in some instances and not in others. Chivalry will not play a part. The political world is brutal. The hold that office has upon the political man is strong beyond all measuring. Only time will show how much of it women can seize, wrest, grab. It will not come as a gift nor as an act of proportion. ▼





**Sweater-suit ease** — a look we love for fall, done by Papillon with a red wool sweater jacket, softly tied, S, M, L, 36.00; grey wool flannels, embroidered with flowers, 4 to 12, 70.00 and a white polyester-cotton shirt, sizes 4 to 12, 24.00 In Suits Plus, at all **Lord & Taylor** stores.



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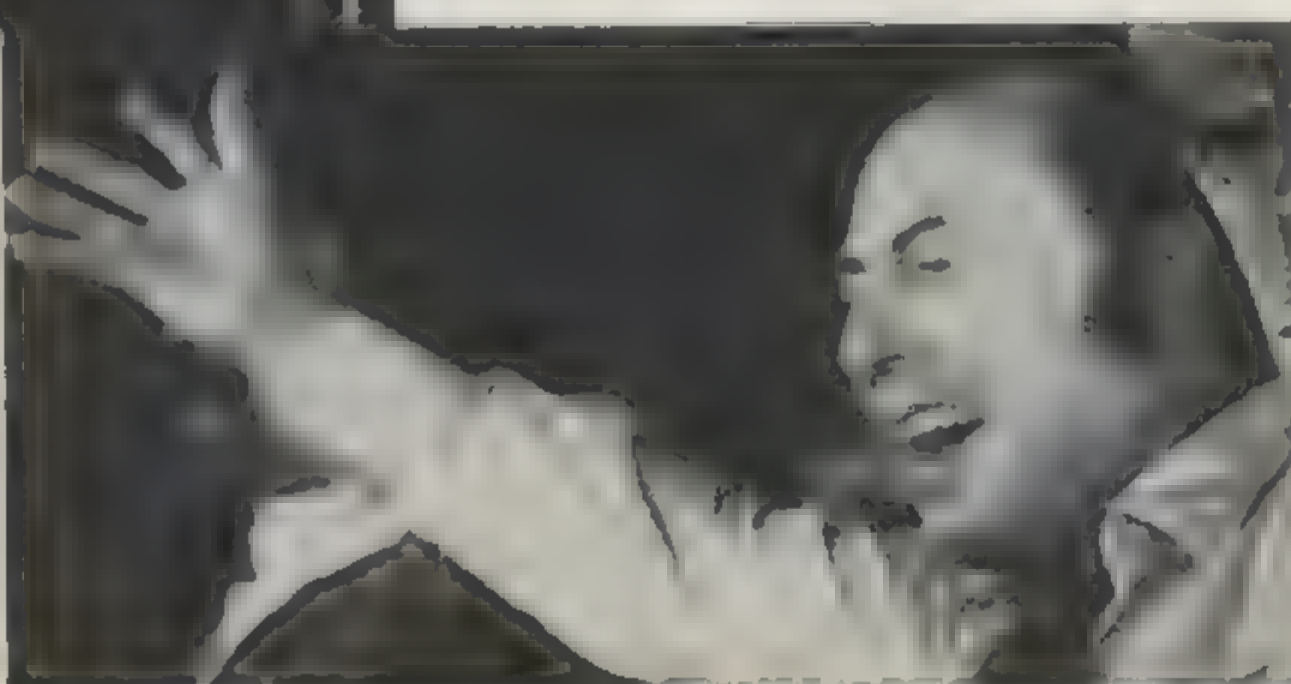
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# Ready VOGUE BEAUTY

## The water you want wherever you go

On the theory that to be forewarned is to be forearmed, Clinique has made a world-water survey and catalogued their findings in the World Hard-Water Guide, a wallet-size reference that alerts the traveler to water conditions in major cities—from Athens (soft) to Zurich (hard). The Guide is included in a new Clinique Travel Musts kit, along with Two Shakes, a powdery, fragrance-free Water Adapter that (in two shakes) changes hardest water to the soft-as-rain variety dermatologists say is best for face-washing. With the softened water, Facial Soap suds up a storm and deals with any travel grime right on the spot. Other Travel Musts: a soap tray, Clarifying Lotion 2 and funnel, Extremely Gentle Eye Makeup Remover, and Dramatically Different Moisturizing Lotion.

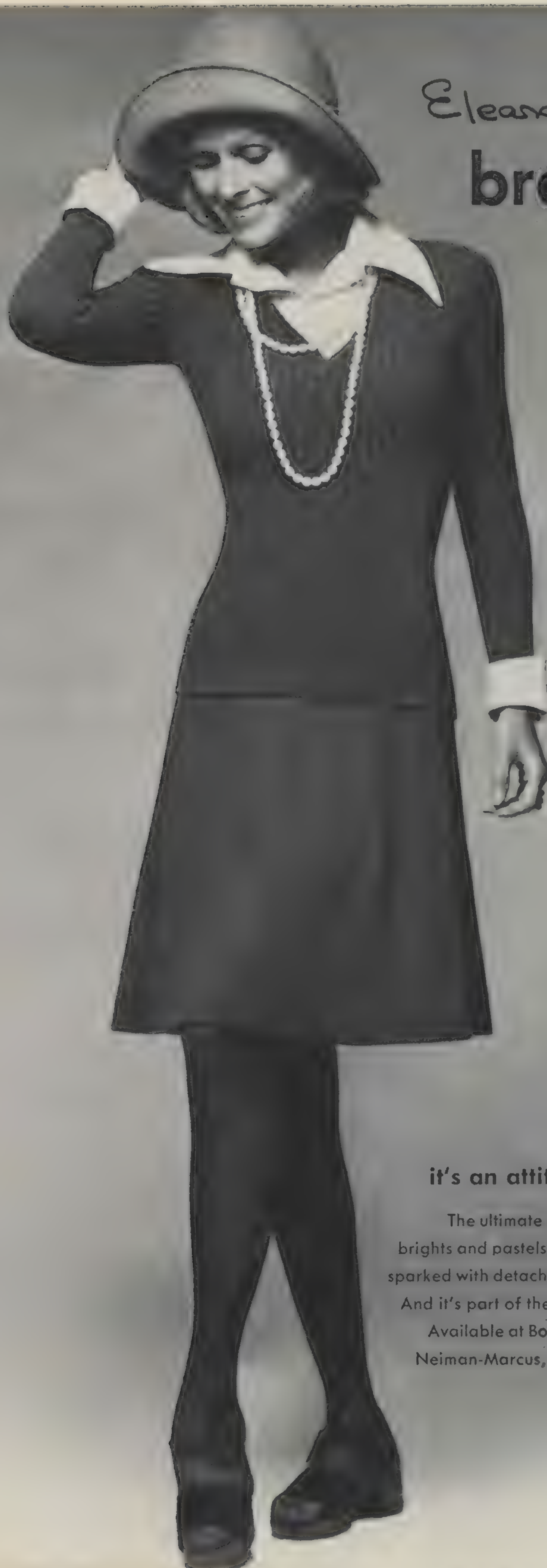
## The body masque—

We knew the masque idea was too splendid to limit to **good** faces and throats . . . and so, apparently, did Helena **news** Rubinstein, who've added a Body Firming Clay Pack to the Skin Life treatment collection. Actually, the Clay Pack **all** isn't new, having long been an invigorating specialty at **over** the Rubinstein Salons. What is new is that you can be your own attendant—no appointment needed—to deep-cleanse and tone your body the clay way at home. The powdered clay comes pre-measured, ready to form a paste when mixed with water in each plastic packet. Just pat the paste on legs, arms, hips—anywhere skin is more slack, less supple than you'd like. Minutes later, the dried, hardened clay can be rinsed off—leaving you the allover lithe feeling and younger look that always seem to go together. . . .

## New way to beat

**the** Hair that goes limp and lackluster between weekly sham-  
**hair** poos may be telling you something. Perhaps that the  
**blahs** weekly shampoo is not enough. For hair like this, frequent—even daily—shampooing has been made pleasantly feasible by Helene Curtis with a new group of hair clean-up preparations. The collection, called Everynight, features organic ingredients . . . naturally good for hair, so naturally you can't use them too often. Herb Shampoo, an opalescent green liquid, conditions as it cleans with a mélange of herb-garden goodies. Lemon Shampoo, with real lemon essence, super-cleans hair that tends to be oily. Rainwater Rinse is a fresh-smelling follow-up that bodifies and untangles hair and makes it purely beautiful.





Eleanor Brenner for

brenner bees



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NEXT  
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VOGUE

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GREAT  
NEW LOOKS  
from  
the  
NEW YORK  
COLLECTIONS  
in

VOGUE  
for  
SEPTEMBER 1

# VOGUE BEAUTY

## Checkout

### A slice of soap, please

Soap by the slice is one of the pleasant surprises at The Soap Opera—a new, first-of-its-kind shop in New York's Greenwich Village—where among the off-beat inventory, you'll also find a styptic bar from France, a familiar after-shave astringent in a not so familiar shape (which has led more and more Opera buffs to discover it as a new kind of pore-tightener). And Maize Soap from England (you can see and feel the kernels) . . . Swiss Buttermilk Soap . . . and a fat, oval-y cake from Japan that makes you think of a juicy ripe plum with a little honey dropped in and a touch of camellia (it's called—what else?—Camellia-Plum-and-Honey Soap). Harold Banner and Elaine Papparizos tend this lovely stuff in a dark-paneled cul-de-sac scattered with wicker baskets and bath-oriented antiques. Set to exploring among the jumble of fragrances and you'll find more treasures—potpourri by the ounce, natural sea sponges, a wonderful selection of the essential perfume oils everyone wants now like musk and civet and tea rose—really great in the bath, on the skin, anywhere. If you can't find The Soap Opera by following your nose, look for the bubble-blowing machine at the door. A catalogue is available by writing to 51 Grove Street, New York, N. Y. 10014.

### Give a guy a break

It's a rare woman who doesn't want her man to do something about keeping his looks. And it's a wise one who can get him to do it by being so quietly and unobtrusively helpful that he feels—clever fellow—that it was his own idea. . . . Here's a report from one of the wisest of our correspondents . . . "My husband is a very good-looking man, who doesn't look at all the sort who pampers himself. He loves to ski, to swim, and to sail, yet never thought of protecting his skin from the elements. . . . I got some Sardo bath oil (no perfume) and started adding it when I ran a tub for him. Then I bought a big bottle of After-Tan and put that, along with Georgette Klinger's eye and neck cream, in his bathroom. I mentioned that After-Tan used *all* the time would replace ingredients removed from the skin by the weather. His skin is looking better every day. . . . We women have to help in a very quiet, unoffensive way." . . .

Body Sculpture, Plastic Surgery from Head to Toe by Simona Morini has just been published by the Delacorte Press, New York (\$10). The author is a Contributing Editor to Vogue; and the book, an outgrowth of a series of articles which originally appeared in the beauty pages of Vogue. . . .

### She sews sachets. . . .

Not just the start of another tongue-twister, but a pretty summer idea (one of many) from Apothecare. The sachets make especially good sense in summer to tuck into weekend luggage, to snap into dresser drawers in a hotel or rented beach house. . . . First you buy a bit of Liqure—concentrated extracts in six pure scents, from crisp Summergreen through lush Forbidden Fruit—and a bit of Stuffing Supherb—a fragrant mingle of crushed herbs, spices, and flowers—at your local Apothecare Center (in New York, it's Altman's; in Dallas, it's Neiman-Marcus) and you buy as little or as much as you like—all Apothecare products are sold in bulk or on draft. . . . Now, sew together two small squares of cotton, say six inches square, and, just before closing the final seam, in with the Stuffing Supherb, a drop or two of Liqure, shake, sew, and there you go. . . . No need to stop with sachets—two lace-edged handkerchiefs, perhaps, for a little boudoir pillow, or two red bandanas for a rustic, but super-scentuous cushion. . . . If it's too hot to sew, Liqure works like a charm as instant sachet on a puff of cotton. . . .



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# Mary Kay makes your skin beautiful.



Every beautiful face starts with beautiful skin. And beautiful skin is what the Mary Kay Basic Skin Care Treatment is all about.

To deep clean away everything our polluted air deposits on your skin. To soften and protect against wind and weather. To refresh and stimulate the growth of healthy new skin to replace the old.

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The Mary Kay Basic Skin Care Treatment. It's a beautiful beginning.

Whether you host it or attend it, the Mary Kay Home Beauty Show can change your looks and change your life. First you discover the benefits of our Basic Skin Care Program—a combination of products that leaves your skin clean, clear, fresh and soft as velvet. Then your Consultant provides individual instruction on how to make the most of your natural beauty. (1) How to apply rouge in the most flattering manner and how to form the perfect eyebrow. (2) How to apply eye shadow and eyeliner that brighten your eyes. (3) How to apply mascara to accent the eyes and prevent the tips of your eyelashes from fading. (4) How to apply lip makeup that's exclusively designed to provide a "mix'n'match" wardrobe of five lip colors.

But all this is just the beginning.





# Then Mary Kay makes your face beautiful.



Important as it is, there's more to a beautiful face than beautiful skin.

Your selection of the right colors and shades, for example, must be made with utmost care. Choosing just the right hue to complement your own features, or heighten the mood or look you wish to create.

Equally important is proper application. And it is in these two critical areas that your Mary Kay Beauty Consultant is so important. Your Consultant will show you how to enhance certain features. Soften others. Which color to apply. How. Where and why. Reveal beauty secrets learned through years of making women more beautiful.

The Mary Kay Beauty Program can make a beautiful difference in your life, because it's "The cosmetic that's more than just a cover up".

Why not call our toll free number for the name of a Consultant in your area? Our number is 800-527-6270. What can you lose — it's free.



Through these informal but informative demonstrations, millions of women have learned how to attain and maintain their most glamorous potential. The key, once again, is the Mary Kay Beauty Consultant. The secrets she has, she shares. The knowledge she has gained — through training, through seminars, through conscientious self-education — is yours for the asking. She gives you hard facts instead of soft soap. No more department store hassle, hustle, bustle. No more confused clerks who "only work here." Just proven products combined in a program that works — presented by a professional who guides you step-by-step to a new radiance. An advisor, a friend, a woman who sincerely wants you to be always at your best — and takes a personal interest in your progress.

**Mary Kay Cosmetics, Inc.**



# VOGUEHEALTH

## **When your tongue can't tell**

*The loss of the sense of taste—or its distortion—is not only the loss of many pleasures but a health hazard: the lessening of taste brings a lack of interest in food, possibly leading to severe weight loss. The sufferer may use too much salt in an effort to brighten meals and so risk high blood pressure. Some people who lose the sense of taste become severely depressed; some cannot work at their jobs; some are suicidal. When both taste and smell are reduced, there's a safety problem—no warnings of smoke, escaping gas, spoiled food.*

● *Dr. Robert I. Henkin, chief of neuroendocrinology at the National Heart and Lung Institute in Bethesda, Maryland, has studied many of the people*

## **Zapping the premenstrual blues**

*For many women, regular use of the Pill—timed and balanced doses of estrogens and progestins—has eliminated premenstrual tension and monthly headachy, water-logged feelings. For some chronic cases in which the patient is very depressed or has other severe symptoms along with the ovulation process, doctors first gave special doses of hormones, then followed up with the standard oral contraceptives which act as permanent blues-chasers.*

## WHAT DOCTORS SAY: *lack of taste can ruin your health*

BY MELVA WEBER

*—one in every five hundred—who are affected by hypogeusia (decreased taste acuity) or by dysgeusia (distorted taste sensation). Most of these also have hyposmia or dysosmia (loss of sense of smell).*

● *What causes the no-taste, no-smell disorder? More than half the patients studied had lost their taste and smell senses during respiratory infections and fevers—often during Hong Kong flu. Others developed the*

*problem after surgery, though the operations were unconnected with the tongue or nose. Loss of interest in sex affected many of these patients. Tests showed that most of these people had low levels of zinc—a metal the body needs in tiny amounts—in their blood. When proper amounts of zinc were added to their diets, many of Dr. Henkin's patients regained the ability to savor food, enjoy life.*

## **V.D. without sex?**

*Gonorrhea's infectious organisms may be better able to survive outside the body than the doctors who say that sexual contact is necessary to transmit the disease have thought. Two physicians in Stockholm, Sweden, Dr. Theodor Elmros and Dr. Per-Ake Larsson, tested gonococcal discharges that were swabbed onto toweling or glass slides and air dried. They found the microorganisms could live up to seventeen hours on glass, up to twenty-four hours on towels.*

## **Help for faded blood**

*Every blood bank in the country needs more blood. If you are healthy and can donate blood to up the supply, accept this advice from Dr. Jack Pritchard, a professor at Texas Southwestern Medical School: When you have given blood, extra iron could help replace your red cells rapidly. Eat lots of lean meat and dark-green vegetables, and ask your doctor to recommend a good iron supplement. Supplemental iron is a good idea if you have a heavy menstrual flow; some oral contraceptives supply iron automatically.*

## **Walking wonders**

*A newborn baby, held under his arms, will make well-coordinated walking motions when his bare feet are allowed to touch a flat surface. Most babies lose this "walking" reflex when they are about eight weeks old, must relearn how to walk later. Dr. Philip R. Zelazo of Harvard University's department of developmental psychology has found that regular exercise (providing the child is willing—it's never good to push) can help babies keep their early walking talent. Babies he studied who had been given four three-minute exercise sessions daily by their mothers (with some help from fathers) began walking on their own sooner than those who had ordinary baby lives, no gym.*

## **"Strep"—a risk for new babies**

*An unborn or newborn baby can catch a fatal streptococcal infection from the mother's vagina if the mother does not have protective antibodies to destroy the invaders. Treatment with penicillin can be helpful; but often medication must be given to both husband and wife, since the man's urethral channel may be harboring the organisms. At Children's Hospital in Denver, Colorado, Dr. Ralph Franciosi, Dr. Robert Zimmerman, and Dr. Blaise Favara are gathering new information on prenatal infections, hoping that some inborn bacterial infections can be prevented.*





# Want to lose 4 pounds fast?

**Slender's nutritionally balanced program gets quick results.**

Go Slender for a week. And don't cheat! Stick with 900 Slender calories a day—and you'll love what you see when you step in front of your full length mirror.

## **Slender gets dramatic results**

We know. We put dieters, who were at least 20% overweight, on Slender for 3 weeks. The first week, they lost an average of more than 4 pounds. The next two weeks, losses averaged 3½ pounds a week. Many of the dieters said they were not unduly hungry and found Slender "surprisingly filling."

## **Slender won't slight your body**

Slender cuts calories, not basic nutrition. Whether it's instant Slender, mixed with the substantial nutrition of milk, or Slender chilled from the can, you get ¼ of your daily recommended adult dietary allowance of protein. Plus regular vitamins and minerals you need, including vitamins C and B-complex.

## **Slender can help you keep your figure, too**

Anytime your clothes start getting a little snug, start thinking Slender. Remember, it's easier to take pounds off a few at a time—the way they come on! So ask your doctor and get started right now. You'll find Slender wears well in your diet. Slender from Carnation, the good tasting food for your figure.



Slender® diet food for weight control Carnation Company, Los Angeles, California



# Vogue HOROSCOPE

By Maria Elise Crummere



**INGRID BERGMAN** was born August 29, 1917, with the Sun in the practical sign of Virgo, a chart that shows concentration continuously directed to her career. The Moon in Capricorn on her birth chart indicates a concern with her reputation; Mars in opposition shows a struggle involved in that. Mercury and Venus in Libra, the sign of charm and style, give her beauty and a quiet chic. Her chart has two planets in Leo, the theater sign: Neptune, planet of photography—testifying to her photogenic quality—and Saturn, the time planet—showing her enduring desire to please the public.

**Aries,** March 21–April 19. Since assertive Mars is your ruler, to agree or conform requires control on your part. If you are allowed to lead, all is well. Now Mars is in Virgo opposing Neptune, so enthusiasm should be curbed. Let your program be carried out with the help of two partners, one sympathetic to public needs, the other with authority to make decisions. Your best stance is to play the observer now.

**Taurus,** April 20–May 20. Taurians see no need to dispense energy except for results. In seeking the advantage to gain, you always protect yourself against losses. Your ruler, Venus, now in Cancer, inclines you to indulge your family and close friends. Do not let this interfere with a strong period of financial advancement. A sudden event at the full moon on the twenty-fourth could be costly, unless you are alert.

**Gemini,** May 21–June 20. Your tendency to dual involvement causes many mistakes. You can win by doing one thing at a time and completing it. Your ruler, Mercury, now in the fixed Fire sign of Leo requires you to concentrate on the thing you do best. Take action at the middle of the period; at full moon on the twenty-fourth, an unexpected turn of events is valuable if you stay on the single track.

**Cancer,** June 21–July 22. Though you fear discipline and avoid a strict atmosphere, you will work diligently if a program appeals to you emotionally. You are pleased when you are trusted. Venus in your sign now gives you social advantages. Many social events keep you busy until the full moon on the twenty-fourth, when you will be faced with a tricky situation. You could lose a valued friend unless you are careful.

**Leo,** July 23–August 22. You project the positive air of authority that is present in all those born in Leo. Being forceful can be misunderstood and be interpreted as imposition of your will now, while Mercury is in your sign; but this does give you the right to speak up just after the full moon on the twenty-fourth. Introduce a new idea; it will be accepted if it is directed to a civic cause.

(Continued on page 20)

*Elizabeth Arden*

Monday:  
10:00 Hair-EDWARD  
Tuesday:  
11:00 Face Exercise,  
M. Craig  
12:30 One-by-one lashes  
STELLA

NOTES

Friday  
Washington, D.C.  
Elizabeth Arden Salon  
10:00 hair-Maurice

Take  
EA  
charge  
card

10:30 manicure  
Miriam

12:30 leg wax  
Ms. Winding

Pick up at EA:  
For Sat.  
cocktail/dinner  
"do"

Bill Blass  
dress

short, red, right!

to go with:

Naturally Moist Liposol  
Salon Formula Nail Lacquer

Vogue pearls





When it all  
adds up  
to the look  
that makes  
your season,  
it's all at your

*Elizabeth Arden Salon*



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# HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 18)

## Virgo, August 23–September 22.

You prefer positive atmospheres and organized structures in which you can effect a reliable program. Your ruler, Mercury, remains in fixed Leo until the end of the month. Midway, the planet starts moving, regains power. After the full moon on the twenty-fourth, re-issue ideas, revive logging plans. The last week is the time to complete as many unfinished programs as possible.

## Libra, September 23–October 22.

You search constantly for new partners to stimulate new ideas for you to enjoy and to provide new experiences. If this energy were transferred to creative work, you would excel in the art field. Your ruler, Venus, still in Cancer shows that your family needs attention. This may cause you to turn to inward evaluation. At the full moon on the twenty-fourth, surprises justify inner searchings.

## Scorpio, October 23–November 21.

Those born in Scorpio are intensely emotional. When Scorpions assume the responsibility of power, they enjoy the test. Your ruler, Mars, now in the Earth sign Virgo places your power under some restriction and modification by subordinates or co-workers. A subtle atmosphere of challenge surrounds you; unless you remain calm, you will be blocked at the full moon on the twenty-fourth.

## Sagittarius, November 22–December 21.

No matter what course Sagittarians pursue, there is always a conscious drive to grow—in beliefs, code, philosophy, values. With your ruler, Jupiter, in your sign for the last time (it will not return for twelve years), promote, initiate, lay foundations that will endure. After the full moon on the twenty-fourth, make positive decisions to get as much accomplished as possible.

## Capricorn, December 22–January 20.

The sense of duty weighs heavily on Capricornians; they wish to be useful, to improve life around them for the common good. Now you may feel the wish to air your views on many subjects. Why not do so? Mercury, the planet that speaks, in Fire Leo gives force to your message, makes it easy to circulate the facts. Speak up during the last week of the month while well supported.

## Aquarius, January 21–February 19.

The ability to promote or propagate is part of your personality. Your ideal state is in improving man's condition. Now, while your ruler, Uranus, is in Air Libra (yours is an Air sign, too), is a good time to circulate your ideas. Since several Fire signs are occupied, your exciting ideas would be acceptable. At full moon on the twenty-fourth, an unexpected event will rally you to action.

## Pisces, February 20–March 20.

The unknown or unresolved upsets Pisceans; they become distrustful and uneasy. Work that involves the unraveling of psychological factors would be ideal for you. Your ruler, Neptune, now in the sign of higher learning, Sagittarius, should inspire you to search into the mysteries of your sign. The first of these two weeks should be a study period for you, in order to avoid misunderstanding.



# VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

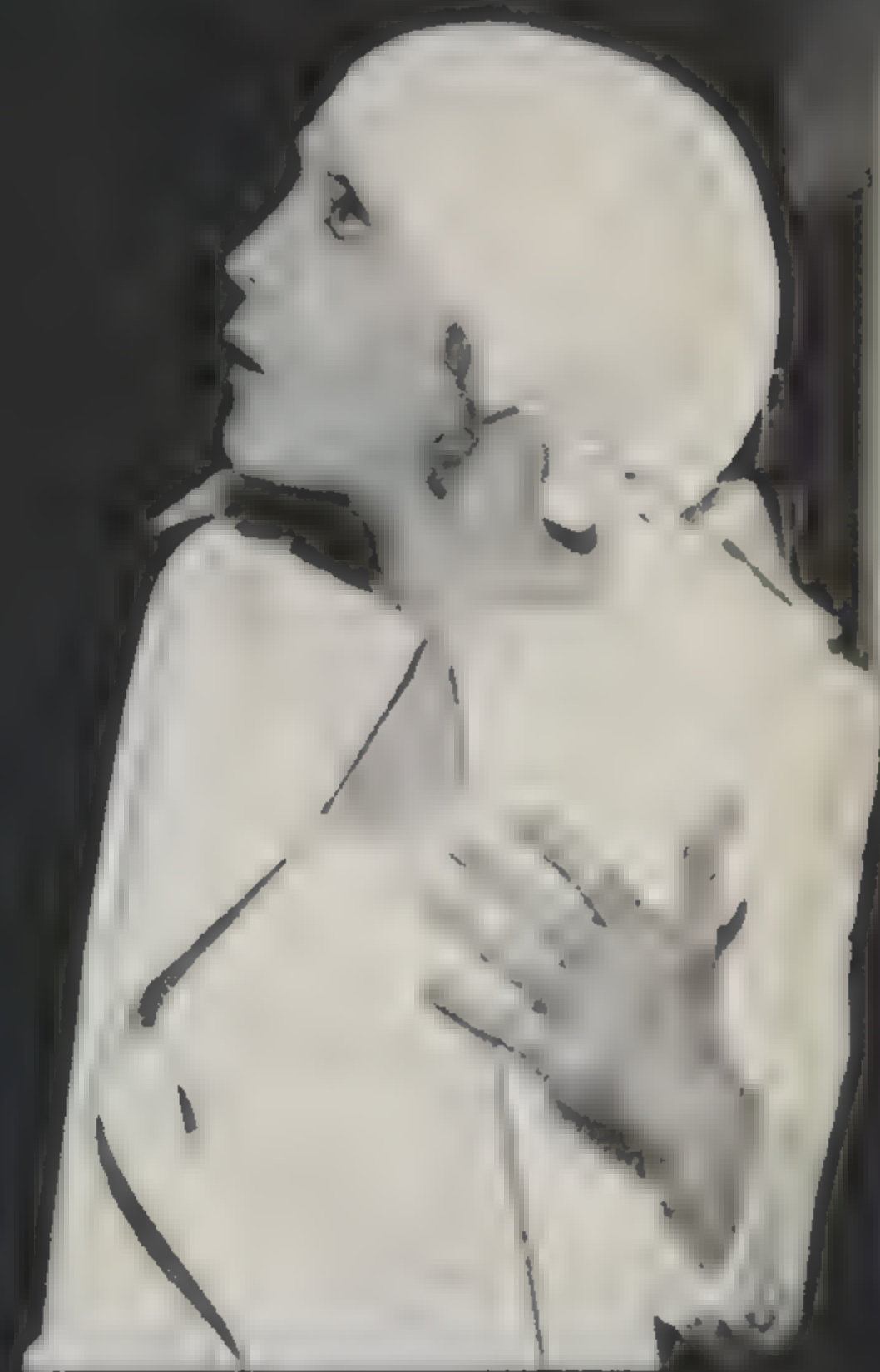
THE MOVIE STAR  
IN WHITE



## WHAT THEY'RE WEARING: WHITE AT NIGHT

It used to be black but now it's white that everybody leaps into as the sun goes down and the lights come up. The shine of white is what you spot first and what looks newest at every summer party....

THE IVORY  
JERSEY HEAD-WRAP



THE WHITE  
FLUFFY CHUBBY



THE WHITE  
LINEN EVENING SUIT



DOUBLE  
DOSE  
OF WHITE



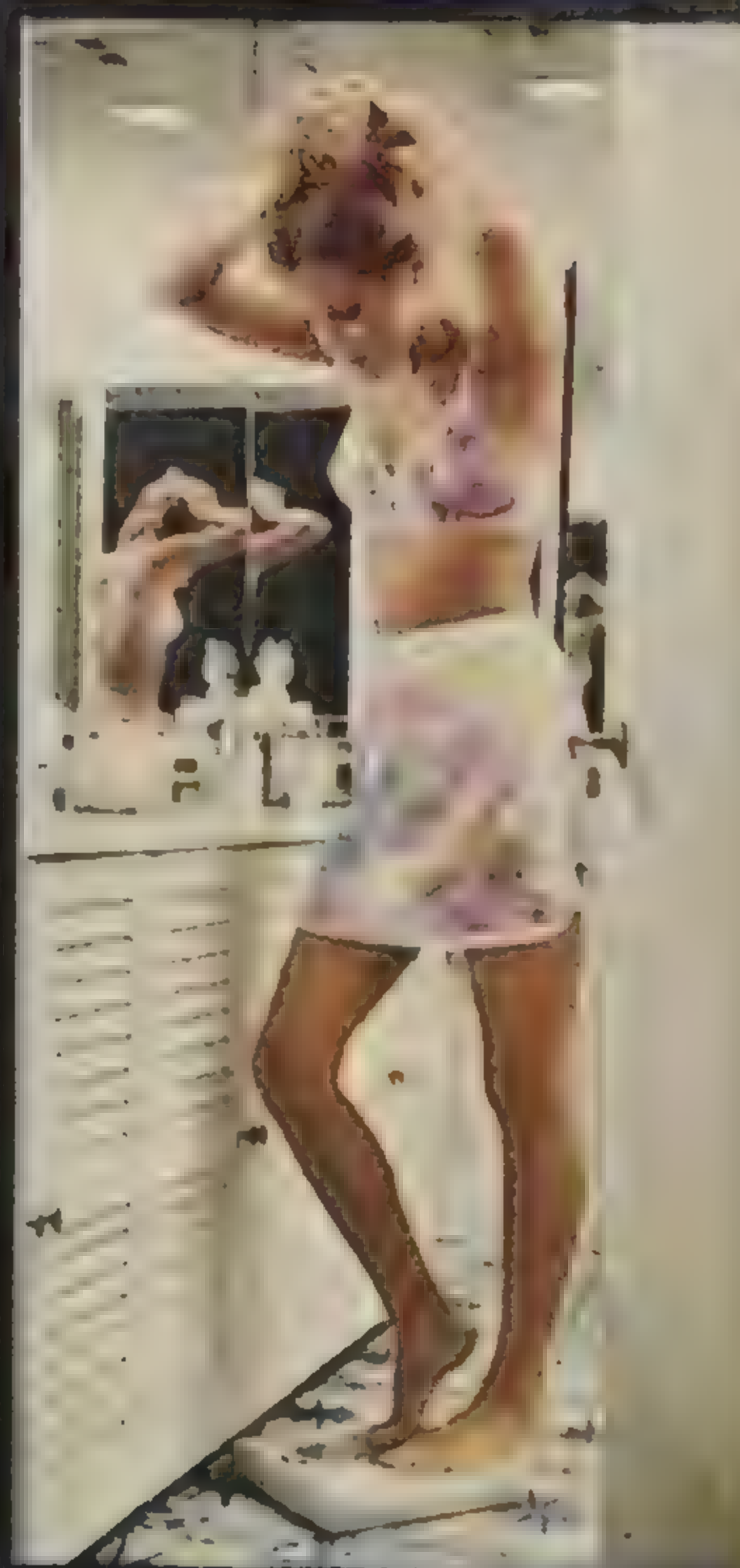
1. *Bette Davis* wore white crêpe with a sweetheart neckline to emcee the Phoenix House benefit, "Fabulous Forties," at Roseland dance hall....
2. *Nan Kempner*, looking soignée chic (with left, Mr. Thomas Kempner, right, Mr. William Rayner), at the Museum of Modern Art opening of the "Italian Landscape" exhibition—her Saint Laurent suit embroidered with sprigs of cherries....
3. At the "Fabulous Forties" party, *Kitty Hawks* was in Halston's deep V'd white crêpe, *Joel Schumacher* in Saint Laurent's double-breasted white cotton twill....
4. *Kay Thompson* in her favorite evening look—wrapped head of ivory matte jersey to match Halston's slinky dress and coat....
5. *Jean Vanderbilt*, delicious at the "Italian Landscape" exhibition, in white swansdown chubby, pearly white satin pants.



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# VOGUE OBSERVATIONS

## WHO'S WEARING WHAT...WHERE AND WHEN



**LONDON: GRACE CODDINGTON** IS A YOUNG EDITOR ON BRITISH VOGUE AND ALWAYS A LEAP OR TWO AHEAD OF A FASHION...INTERESTING THAT NOW HER FAVORITE ACCESSORY IS A SMALL HARD HAT, PERCHED FORWARD AND OVER ONE EYE...

squares of silver studded with semiprecious stones and mounted on leather straps. . . . **Virna Lisi** adores strippy and strappy **FOUR-INCH CORK SANDALS** from Victoriana with interchangeable straps. . . . **Pilar Crespi** (below) is addicted to the

red leather **SHOULDERBAG** she brought back from Ethiopia. (Pilar is an inveterate collector—other current favorites: her stack of tortoise bracelets from Brazil, a straw hat from Odyssey in New York.) . . . In London: **Georgiana Russell's** into G's—**A BIG GOLD "G" BUCKLE** she designed, had made in Rio, attaches to belts of any size or color. . . . **ROME, PARIS, NEW YORK: THE ART DECO RAGE IS ON**—either for the "real stuff" of the period, or for accessories designed with that sense of elegant geometry. . . . **IN ROME:** **Baronessa Garbrielli Parisi** has just bought two diamond-and-black-enamel "P" clips made by **lacroche** in 1932. . . . **Monica Vitti**



constantly wears an Art Deco rock-crystal-and-diamond pendant hanging from a velvet ribbon. . . . In Rome, the place to find Art Deco jewelry is **Hedy Martinelli's** boutique at Via Frattina, 65. . . . **IN PARIS:** **Elsa Martinelli's** favorite accessory is an **ART DECO NECKLACE** made in 1930 of red and blue semiprecious stones with a silver chain bordered in red and blue pearls to match the stones. (It was a gift from her husband on a day when everything had gone wrong. Since then she's worn the necklace constantly.)

. . . **Hélène Rochas's** favorite accessory is a 1931 bracelet in rock crystal, silver, and gold by **Bouvin**—she is never without it. . . . **IN NEW YORK:** **Gloria Schiff** (left) was one of the first with the Art Deco bit—all modern but Art Deco in feeling and all acquired in Rome—bracelets and barrettes of black enamel and thin strips of rhinestones. A delicious black suède evening shoulderbag etched with thin rows of rhinestones from Victoriana. . . . Watch Art Deco go!

BERRY BERENSON, BILL CUNNINGHAM, STEVEN WOLOSKE

## AND WHEN

**Berry Berenson, right,** one of the prettiest photographers, is one of the first to have her hair cut really short. It was executed by her friend, artist **Joe Eula**. . . .



**Cyrinda Foxe,** above left, an **Andy Warhol** starlet, literally lives in her red platforms, left, from **Pelican Footwear**, 219 Bowery. . . .



**Kitty Hawks, right,** currently is pulling back her luscious wavy hair with plastic barrettes she gets in the five-and-ten-cent store. "At those prices, you can build up quite a collection."



**Geraldine Stutz,** left, president of **Henri Bendel**, is an "ivory hunter"—loves her collection of ivory rings, bracelets, and pendants (all from **Henri Bendel**, naturally). . . .



# Good taste defined

a complete guide  
to modern manners,  
social forms and  
procedures for today ...



## VOGUE'S BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS

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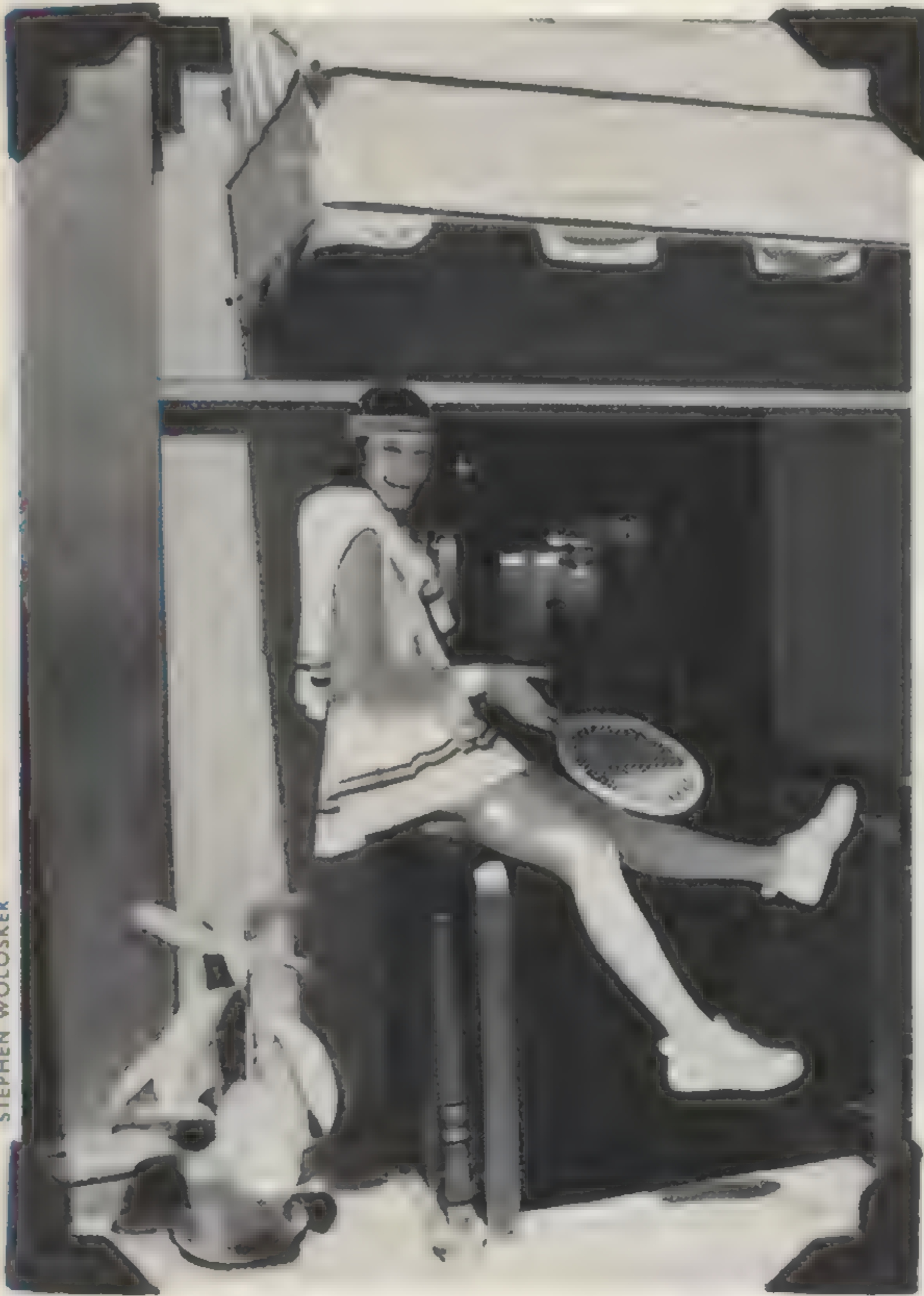
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# VOGUE BOUTIQUE

*A summer scrapbook—spots to stop in town, on Long Island ...*



STEPHEN WOLOSKE



## New York

Getting set for play at the Tennis Lady boutique ... a patch of fake grass outside to set the mood and, inside, some nifty little court things like, far left, a white-red-blue pleated Arnel skirt and top for \$38, a matching sweater for \$12.... "Hot Lips," left, bright pink on white, is \$37.... This watch, below, is dynamite. It's on a white terry sweat band with Velcro closing. Dynasty makes it—about \$23 at Tennis Lady, 33 E. 68th St.



## Amagansett

One of the treats of life at the beach is, right, the Amagansett Farmers' Market. Everything from organically grown food to old-fashioned penny candy in big glass jars. Very attractive place, always full of very attractive people.... Down the Montauk Highway a piece is the Amagansett Square, a big old house crammed with fascinating boutiques to explore. In the barn out back, a new stand: Bike Stop. Rent a bike, or buy a good-looking saddlebag for your own....



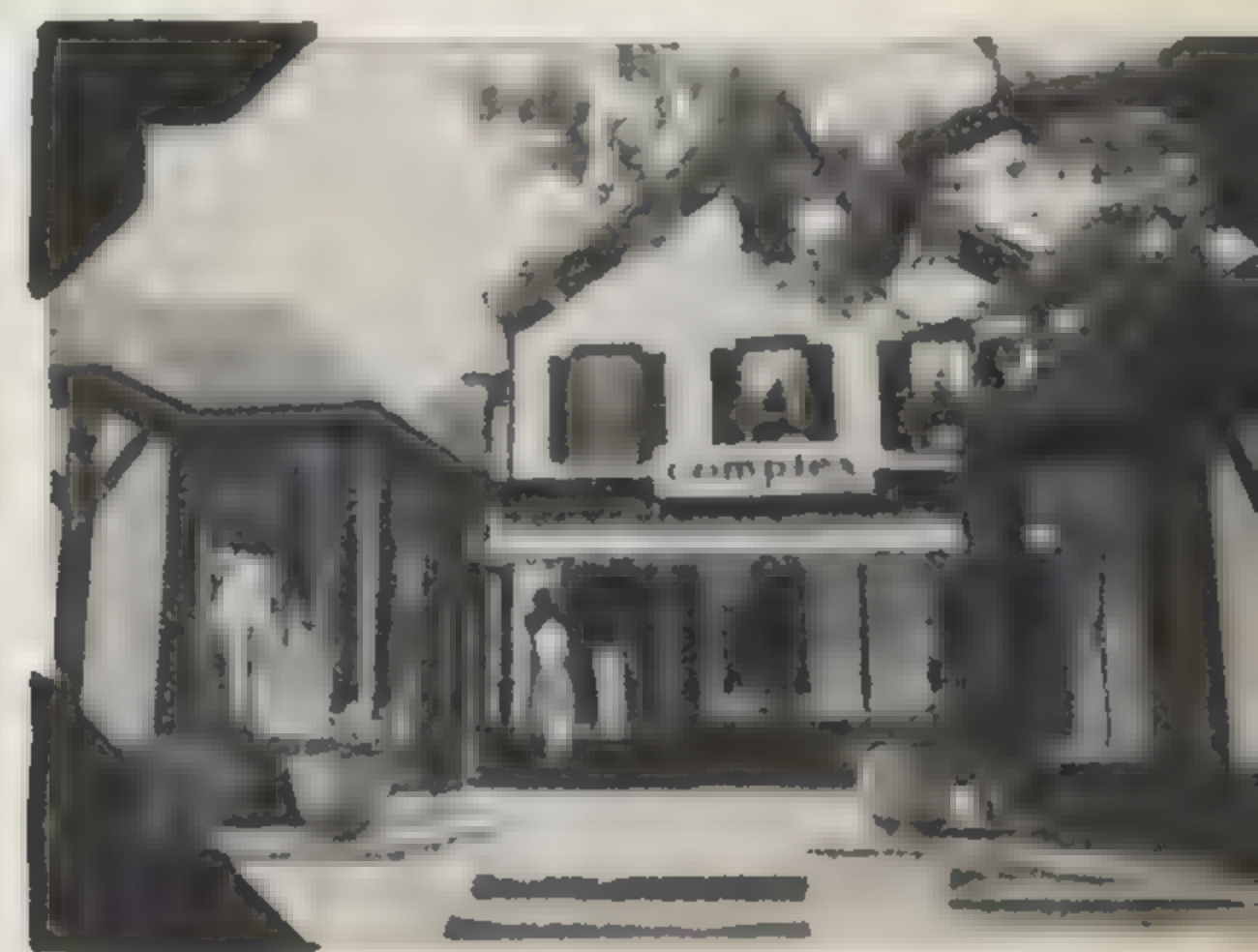
## Home again

... but keeping up a tan, perfecting a backstroke, and lobbing tennis balls at some of the more attractive public pools and tennis courts.... The John Jay Park Pool is at East 77th Street east of York Avenue; only one of 37 spotted around town.... tennis courts (30) in Central Park at West 93rd Street and West Drive—there are 485 more elsewhere in the city.... For schedules of these and also of free events, the number to call is (212) 472-1003....

## Southampton

... and more shopping fun. Clean modern things for the house at the handsome Bailey-Huebner, right, on Main Street. Next door, Jackie Rogers' new shop for men—filled with New Man jeans, pretty shirts.... Everybody knows that Caldwell Alexander is headquarters for charming decorating accessories in clear modern colors....

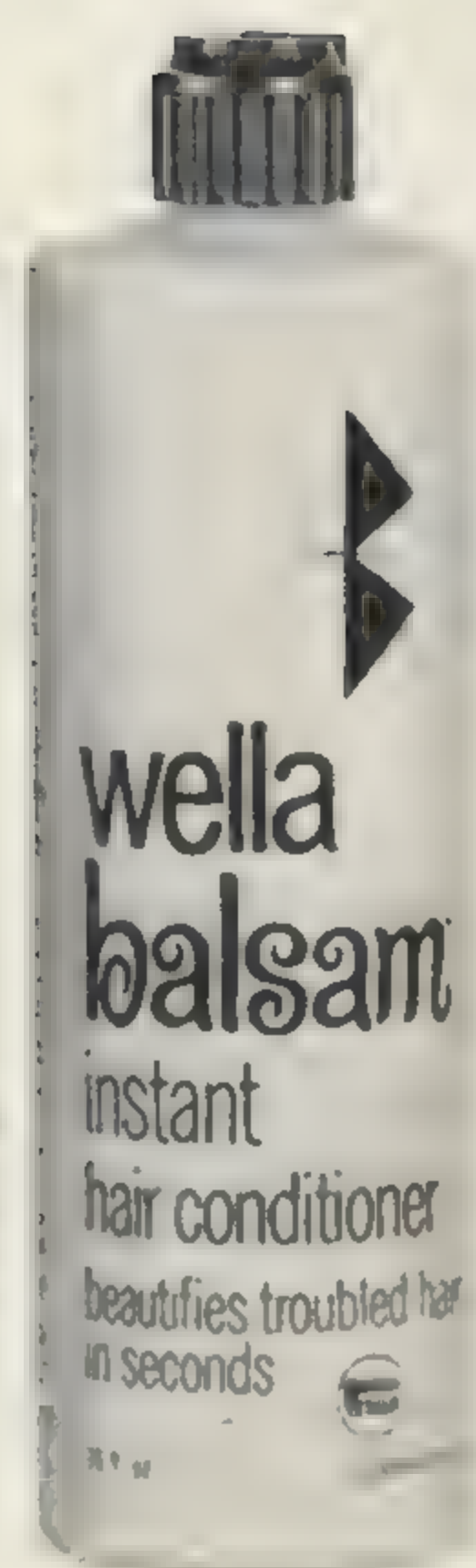
JACK ROBINSON



New on Job's Lane, the Complex, a maze of new shops to discover....



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AUGUST 15, 1972

# VOGUE'S

## POINT OF VIEW

HELMUT NEWTON

## D'accord...

This is not one of those times when you need a map to read the fashion direction—no matter where you are in the world this season, you're going to find the mood the same. Not the same identical thing but the same attitude . . . the same classic feeling for ease, simplicity, for racy, good-looking clothes perfectly turned out. The essentials are the same; the ingredients that pull a look together in New York do the same in Paris, London, Italy . . . all the soft, on-the-head hats, mufflers, blousons, higher-heeled pumps. Everything is everywhere . . . varying as you'd expect, with each designer turning it his own way, giving it that little special something without breaking the mood. As in music: many voices, one sound . . . d'accord.

**Saint Laurent is in the mood**, above . . . the perfect cotton smock-raincoat, the soft cloche, the good shirt with a scarf tied in the neckline. The essence of what you'll see everywhere this season, this issue. . . . About \$130. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Hutzler's; Swanson's; I. Magnin.



# EUROPEAN READY-TO-WEAR

FROM PARIS, LONDON, ITALY: THE TOP 40. REAL LOOKS.  
OUR KINDS OF LOOKS. IN OUR STORES. NOW....

It's what we all love being in. Cashmere, camel, grey flannel, herringbone . . . the fabrics that endure. The shirts, sweater sets, pleated skirts, polo coats, the raincoats that look like raincoats . . . the good, dashing, unchichi things we want to own on sight and wear forever. No question, fashion here—as in America—has taken a classic turn. But not down memory lane. . . .

The putting together of proportions and textures is new. The cut is new—never did a polo coat have raglan sleeves like those we've seen. The shoulder is smaller (even when padded for a sharper line); the underarm is higher. The wrap of the coat is small, close; the fabric light, cozy, often double-faced. . . . Sweater sets are like none that have ever been . . . long, spare, right on the body . . . the softest-ever Lurex for evening (see Saint Laurent, right). . . . Most of all, there is a perfection of turnout that's unlike anything in anyone's memory . . . one look after another totally followed through, down to the last narrow belt, bangle, and little knitted glove.

Sweaters and knits are a whole new life. Coats are knits, sweaters are coats . . . day dresses, evening dresses (Ungaro's black angora long skirt and sweater beats any beaded dress for real-life chic). Everything had some kind of sweater . . . every pants suit . . . wonderful grandpa sweaters over shirtdresses at Valentino. . . . Bare, sexy, glittery sweaters at night from Naka, Mirsa, Missoni . . . Sonia Rykiel did a see-through black Lurex and a black sequin sweater that were to die over.

The jacket is still the puller-together of sepa-

rates; even over a long dress, it's a jacket you want, not the long coat of last season. . . . Jackets like chopped coats—anywhere from top of the hip to just above the knee—to put over everything. What we particularly loved: the chopped raincoat-jacket, flared in back—Saint Laurent, Ungaro. . . . But the star—the jacket of the year—is the blouson, that staple of French sportswear that used to be a kind of St. Tropez number or, in thick black leather, a motorcycle-tough look. Now it's come into its own—a 1972 proportion with the wider pants, long or short skirts. In soft leathers, knits . . . cotton print at Cacheral . . . sporty fur blousons at Fendi . . . a great mink one for evening at Ungaro . . . Karl Lagerfeld of Chloë did silk blousons for late day, to wear over black silk pants or long slinky skirts.

About those wider pants: very snug around the top; all the width is on the leg. Often cuffed. And not pressed for an extra-soft, tubular effect. With the long, hip-covering sweaters, these pants are for everyone; even a small woman—given the lift of a platform shoe—is good in them. (Mic Mac did a kind of grey flannel jeans that could put us back in straight-legged pants by next year. But for the moment, we can relax in the comfort and flattery of the wide leg . . . it will be around.)

The return of the dress is imminent . . . and now that we're liberated and established in pants, what fun to appear in a beautiful dress for a change. . . . Jean Muir did her lovely fluid crêpes and jerseys for day and evening. . . . The shirtdress is everywhere . . . pale silk and challis prints at Valentino and Chloë that could go under furs in winter, alone or with a long

sweater where it's warm. . . . Interesting, how the old seasonal rules about colors and fabrics seem to have blown away. All the white of last season brought it on; now we're beginning to see a much subtler variety of weights and colorings—it's going to be wonderful this winter, having lightweight dresses to wear in heated rooms after coming out of the cold with all our furs and mufflers.

Speaking of mufflers: they were around the neck of every mannequin in Paris . . . long angora ones, tiny ties . . . bright-colored foxes muffling all the bare evening looks in Italy. . . . Every outfit had its little knitted glove. Its knitted cap, knitted hat, or a soft, slouchy felt . . . the uncovered head is dead. . . . Lots of shoulderbags but the thin, soft envelope is coming on fast. . . . Platform shoes continue . . . the shape much more delicate, graceful. With pants: tasselled moccasins, Oxford ties . . . not a boot in sight. . . . Belts very narrow. . . . Bangles luxe, tactile . . . ivory, ebony; gold and silver mixed in rows at Saint Laurent. . . . Pearls all over the place . . . long strands mixed with gold chains, à la Chanel (watch for a comeback of her semi-precious look). . . . Still lots of rhinestones, still kitsch but everybody is tired of it.

That whole 'thirties-'forties-'fifties thing has taken a long time to die but when the trendy, super-looking girls like Marisa Berenson begin to be seen in easy, straightforward, classically simple clothes, you don't have to be hit over the head to get the message: the masquerade is over. Just as we've seen it happen in America, fashion here has come to life . . . real life.

## THE LOOK — SAINT LAURENT

Here's where you see it all—the whole classic-with-a-difference idea that's everywhere in fashion today, brought to its most at Saint Laurent:

At right: The most sensational sweater set in Paris—his black Lurex cardigan and button-front halter for evening, belted with a narrow golden leash over a black crêpe kilt . . . rows of silvery and golden bangles . . . gold and bronze beads. Cardigan, about \$70; halter, about \$35; kilt, about \$90. At Rive Gauche, New York; Hutzler's; Swanson's; Sakowitz; May D & F; I. Magnin. Accessories, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Luscious Red lipstick: Imperial Formula. These 28 pages: Christophe Carita coifs.









# TOPS

The blouson, this page—this year's must-have jacket for separates. Especially must have, above: Saint Laurent's in dark-brown leather, crossed over and half-belted in front, bloused on a knit waistband in back. Plus cinnamon cashmere turtleneck and his great new skirt—straight, with a deep pleat front and back—in green wool Glen plaid. Blouson, \$200; skirt, \$75; sweater, \$75. Bloomingdale's; Jacobson's; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills.... Same idea, country-er day, *right*: front-belt blouson in rust suèded pigskin; Glen plaid wool pants in browns and wine; lots of cozy knits pulled on—moss-green cashmere sweater with a big easy turtleneck, beige cuffed cap, fuzzy gloves. Blouson, \$200; pants, \$70; sweater, \$75. Rive Gauche, New York, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin.... The best polo coat in town, opposite: camel-y wool tabbed, yoked, amply sleeved—everything to give a coat ease and roominess. And nothing to heavy it up. Here, over sweaters and grey flannels, with a big wool scarf, it wraps so small and falls so gracefully—it's like being in the softest dressing gown ever. Coat, \$220; pants, \$70. Rive Gauche, New York; Joseph Horne; Jacobson's; Swanson's; I. Magnin. All prices are approximate.





READY  
FROM

SAINT LAURENT









READY FROM  
**S** SAINT  
 LAURENT



# THE DRESS, SUITS:

the knit-and-sweater picture for day—one of the clearest you'll get of why the whole world is on this tack now....The perfect shirtdress, opposite, the one you can spend a lifetime looking for—and a lifetime wearing. Camel wool-jersey knit, narrow-belted in leather-slotted chain. Turned out for today—and tomorrow—with a soft grey cloche, silk scarf, agate beads. \$170 Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; Jacobson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin....His classic knit shirt-jacket, left—this year, it pulls together one of the super-easiest suit looks anywhere. Camel wool jersey over a long, V-neck beige wool sweater space-striped in camel and brown, striped silk shirt, brown wool crêpe pleats, stitched over the hip—the skirt he started in his last collection. Jacket, \$140, sweater, \$45, shirt, \$70; skirt, \$85. Rive Gauche, New York; Hutzler's; Jacobson's; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills....The sweater-jacket suits, above: knitty beige wools over silk crêpe de Chine blouses ...and those nifty skirts. Left: Belted sweater with suit lapels, \$65; café-au-lait blouse, \$75; green Glen plaid wool straight skirt, kick pleat front and back, \$75. Bloomingdale's; May D & F; Frederick & Nelson. Right: Long, close, cabled cashmere cardigan, \$120; grey blouse, \$75; slate-blue stitched and pleated wool crêpe skirt, \$95. Bloomingdale's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's. All prices are approximate.







# SWEATER DRESSING

KNITS ARE A WHOLE  
LIFE NOW—THE  
SWEATER LIFE.  
ANYTHING YOU PUT  
ON YOUR BACK  
CAN BE A SWEATER  
...ANYWHERE...  
ANY TIME

Missoni, both pages—the wonder of their colors, stitches, combinations...all knit, all different, all together. Layers, center opposite, red, green, and white wool knit used every which way—a roomy, long, deep-pocketed red cardigan to belt or not over a tank top that's one pattern in front, another in back; striped turtle-neck pullover; cuffed pants in plaid knit. Jacket, about \$110; tank top, about \$50; turtle-neck, about \$32; pants, about \$175. All, at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Glasses by Elysée Optical. Boots by Pasquali. About the other Missonis in the picture: you'll see the girl far left wearing her coat on the next page and the girl near left wearing hers this page....She's in all shades of grey, all kinds of knit: wrappy little coat with cuffed kimono sleeves double-faced in a darker grey, a different knit; it's sashed over a mohair pullover and knitted caviar tweed pants. Topping it all, the super-est mohair beret—double-faced. Everything, in wool; about \$425. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Gus Mayer. Califfures by Christophe Garita.



READY FROM  
ITALY

# SWEATER DRESSING







RARELY ANYTHING THAT DIDN'T  
HAVE ITS SWEATER—  
KNITTY SEPARATES PULLED  
TOGETHER BY KNITTY COATS...  
SHIRTDRESSES WITH THEIR  
OWN SWEATER-JACKETS

Missoni goes right on knitting different stitches, different patterns—this time, far left, in beige, black, and white wool: the Inverness cape-coat in a huge windowpane plaid knit is double-faced with a very small jacquard knit and swings out wonderfully as you walk. Underneath, a tank top dotted in front, checked in back, striped shirt, checked skirt. Coat, about \$245. Top, shirt, and skirt, about \$175. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin... At Valentino, left: wonderful grandpa sweaters, almost as long as coats, over shirtdresses—this one loosely knit on big needles in dark-brown wool with deep hands-in-pockets pockets; the shirtdress under it is a printed wool challis—all beige, brown turtles. Bini challis. Dress, about \$295. Sweater, about \$175. At Valentino Boutique; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin.









# READY FROM PARIS SWEATER- DRESSING

SWEATER SETS LIKE NONE  
THAT HAVE EVER BEEN...  
KNITTED JACKETS GETTING THE  
WHOLE LOOK TOGETHER

Givenchy, opposite, always classic and sure—his sweater sets long, spare, close to the body like the patterned pair here: crew-neck pullover in navy-blue knit covered with white ladybugs, more of the same for the cardigan...except the sleeves: solid blue ribs. Sweaters of acrylic and cashmere. Pull, \$60; cardigan, \$65; red wool flannel skirt, \$95. Givenchy Nouvelle Boutique, at Bergdorf Goodman; L.S. Ayres; Marshall Field; Sakowitz; Bullock's Wilshire. Givenchy knit cap, glasses, makeup.

Christian Dior's fur-collared pea jacket, near left, in thick dark-grey knit with a silver fox collar—the kind of jacket that really pulls separates together...here with a pants suit in black-and-white Glen plaid, black and white muffling the neck. Double-knit jacket of wool and mohair (Anglo Fabrics), \$380; suit of wool and polyester (Chantal fabric), \$240. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Harold's.

Courrèges' blouson-jacket pants suit, directly above, in the heathery blue knit with a matching blue plastic yoke and waistband. \$230. At Bonwit Teller; B. Forman; Harzfeld's. All prices are approximate.







# SWEATER DRESSING

READY FROM PARIS  
TWEEDY KNIT SUITS WITH  
SKIRTS AND PANTS...  
ENDLESS SWEATER AND SKIRT IDEAS...  
LOOKS THAT WHET THE  
APPETITE FOR FASHION



JAP—the unforgettable JAP, both pages: one of Kenzo's tweedy knits, for left, a cardigan jacket in heathery oatmeal wool, its sleeves ballooning out from the shoulder and narrowing to the wrist. Worn with a beige crêpe de Chine shirt and knitty matching oatmeal skirt with a little flare, a wide waistband. Cardigan and skirt, JAP for Mallory; about \$140. Early October, at Henri Bendel, Joseph Magnin.... Another in the tweedy oatmeal group, near left, a V-neck pullover with sleeves mounted on the outside and rust stripes at neck and wrist—this to the waist over a flowered Liberty print shirt, wide knitty pants gathered into small cuffs. With both turnouts, floppy matching knit cloches. Shoes by Tillbury. All coiffures, these pages, by Christophe Carita.





READY FROM  
PARIS

# SWEATER-DRESSING

THE SWEATERIEST SWEATERS FOR  
DAY—STRAPPED AND WRAPPED  
PULLOVERS...SWEATER SETS...  
KNIT PANTS...EVERYTHING WITH  
ITS OWN KNITTY CAP,  
MUFFLER, GLOVES

Sonia Rykiel has all the sweaters everybody wants, both pages....The long pullover, above, in thin black wool wrapped and strapped with black-and-white bands. Worn with a fuzzy black mohair cap, muffler; above-the-ankle pants in white wool. Pullover, about \$52; pants, about \$75. At Henri Bendel; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin.... The sweater set, *near right*—more black and white, this time a long striped mohair cardigan with rolled-back cuffs over a thin white wool pullover with mohair cuffs. White mohair cap; black mohair muffler; black jersey pants, snug on the hip, loose on the leg. Cardigan, about \$100; pullover, about \$55; pants, about \$75. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Tilbury sandals.... A little black wool knit, *far right*, with pale-pink mohair ribbing...and, as always: the knitty cap, the knitty glove. About \$125. At Bloomingdale's; Ultimo; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.















READY FROM PARIS

# SWEATER- DRESSING

LOTS OF BLACK AT NIGHT,  
AND VERY SEDUCTIVE...  
BARE GLITTER SWEATERS...  
THE LONG EVENING DRESS  
THAT'S AN ANGORA  
SWEATER AND SKIRT

Sonia Rykiel's see-through pull-over, far left, is a knockout—sheer black Lurex for the most part, knitty black mohair for the neckband and the sleeves with rolled cuffs. It's worn with widish black crêpe pants that go only to the calf. Pullover, about \$85; pants, about \$75. At Henri Bendel; Ultimo; Neiman-Marcus; Country Club Fashions. Ungaro's black angora sweater and skirt, near left, one of the most alluring dresses you could ever hope to see—and what is it? Just a fuzzy little sweater and skirt zipped up the front, ruffled wherever there's an edge. About \$295. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures, on both pages, by Christophe Carita.



READY FROM PARIS





# COATS

THE MOST PERFECT  
RAINCOATS. CLASSIC—  
RAINCOAT-RAINCOATS,  
NO GIMMICKS. BUT WITH  
REAL SNAP AND DASH  
AND LINE. EVERYTHING  
YOU WANT FROM  
ANY COAT NOW

Ungaro's navy canvas raincoat,  
far left—the longest length, the  
most protection, the sharpest line  
—pleated and belted in back,  
pocketed in front, strapped on the  
wrist. Helita fabric. About \$190.  
At Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's.  
From Givenchy Nouvelle Bou-  
tique, the fur-lined chopped rain-  
coat, left—actually fake mink, with  
natural gabardine outside—great  
length over pants on a rainy day.  
Especially his taupe wool-jersey  
pants suit, with a turned-up gab-  
ardine hat—memorable. Coat, of  
polyester and cotton; acrylic lin-  
ing. About \$375. Suit, about \$335.  
This, and the coat: Bergdorf  
Goodman; Joseph Horne; Jacob-  
son's; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus.



READY FROM  
PARIS

# COATS

IN A YEAR OF GREAT  
RAINCOATS, TWO  
NATURALS—TO GO  
OVER EVERYTHING,  
EVERYWHERE. EVEN WHEN  
IT'S NOT RAINING.

Daniel Hechter's natural knit-and-canvas raincoat, left—all the flare and ease a coat can have—sweatery ribbed sleeves pulled down under extended shoulders, a fly front, and deep double pleat in back to button or let swing. About \$95. Bloomingdale's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom Best. Gloves by Buscarlet. Shoes by François Villon.

Now classic at Nina Ricci Boutique New York Paris, right: the perfect belted raincoat—terra-cotta-color cotton poplin, single breasted, lined in black quilted wool printed with flowers (which come out on a warm day). About \$225. At Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Stanley Korshak; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's Wilshire. Shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.







READY FROM  
ITALY, PARIS

# C OATS

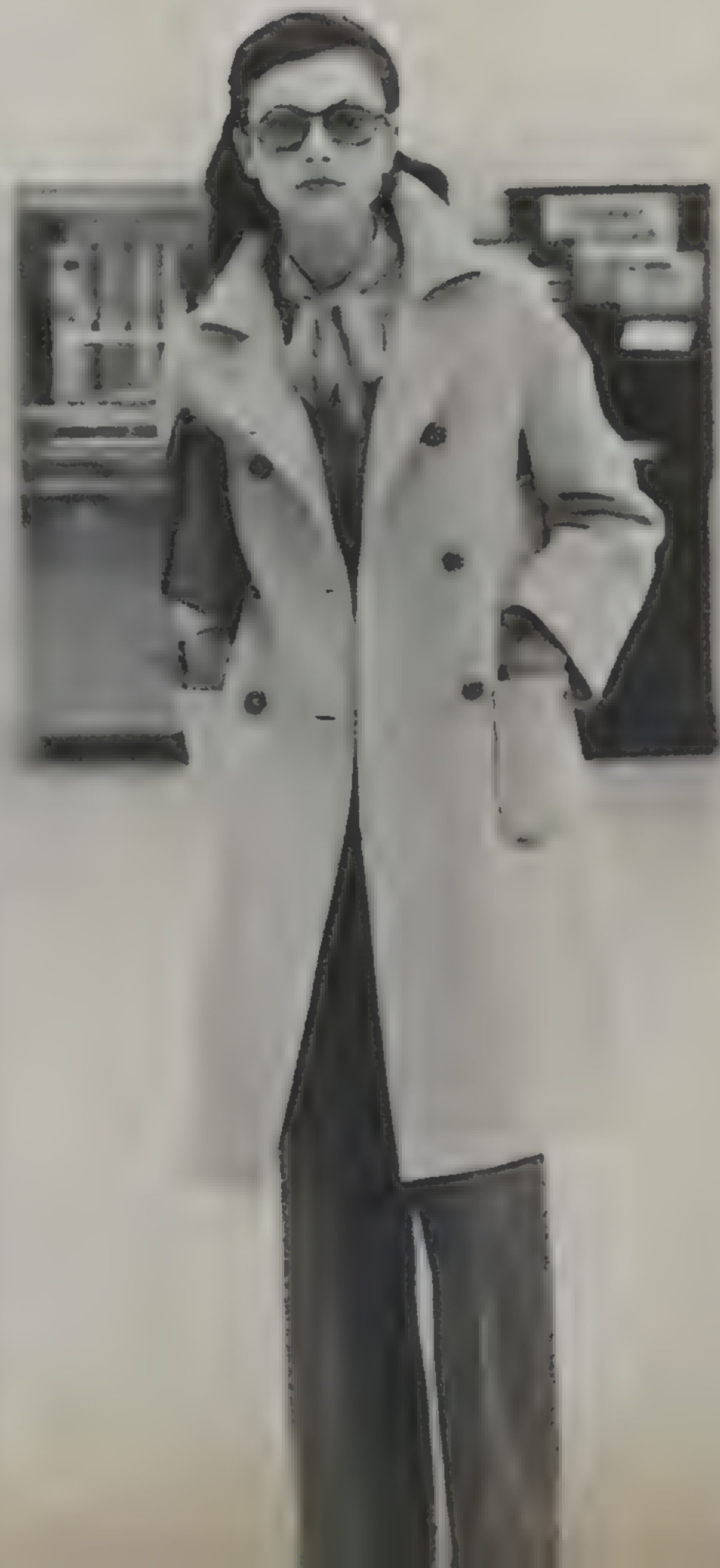
THE LOOKS THAT GO OVER  
EVERYTHING ELSE...ALL  
DOUBLE-FACED...SOFT, WARM...  
THE LIGHTEST A COAT CAN BE

Valentino did a terrific poncho, left, in a soft beige double-faced wool. Buttoned down the sides over brown-and-beige herringbone wool pants, printed brown wool crêpe shirt, beige cashmere pull. Poncho, of Agnola fabric, about \$225; pants, about \$85; shirt, about \$100; pull, about \$80. All at Valentino Boutique; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

André Laug's chopped-coat jacket, above right—one of the best pants looks in Italy. White double-faced wool belted over grey-and-white stripes, with a sheer printed black wool crêpe blouse and scarf, pouffy white beret. Helita fabrics. At Martha; Sakowitz.

The classic all-around topcoat from Ognibene Zendman, below right—double-faced, double-breasted beige wool—small, trim, and easy as a cardigan over grey-and-beige windowpane check pants and vest, a beige bow-tied silk satin shirt underneath. Of Gandini fabrics. Early September, at Bergdorf Goodman.

Christian Aujard's double-faced wrap coat, far right, like a little kimono you just pull around and tie tight. Camel faced with white over off-white angora knit pants and the softest flannel shirt. Wool-and-nylon coat, about \$180; pants, about \$70; wool-and-cotton shirt, about \$60. Everything, at Bonwit Teller; Garfinkel's, Washington, D.C.; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin.













READY FROM  
PARIS,  
LONDON

JSTARA  
READY  
TO  
WASH

# DRESSES

...AND HOW RIGHT  
IT FEELS TO BE IN A  
GOOD-LOOKING  
DRESS AGAIN

At Chloë, shirtdresses over shirts and skirts, opposite page—Karl Lagerfeld's smashy new idea for day....Left: Button-front shirtdress in brown-and-white wool houndstooth checks with short, rolled-up sleeves. Over a brown-and-white silk shirt, short brown wool skirt. Hurel fabric. Dress, about \$385; shirt, about \$125. Henri Bendel....Right: Same look, this time in grey flannel over a silk shirt in pink-black-white print, short grey flannel skirt. Dormeuil fabric. About \$525. Saks Fifth Avenue; Godchaux. Jean Muir's jumperdress, right—soft grey wool pleats edged and narrow-belted in brown leather. Worn over a really marvelous blouse—fluid brown silk jersey bow-tied, with very full dolman sleeves—but not too full for even a small-boned woman. It takes real dressmaking to scale and cut this way—and Jean Muir is one of the best. Turnout, about \$365. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Jacobson's.









READY FROM  
PARIS

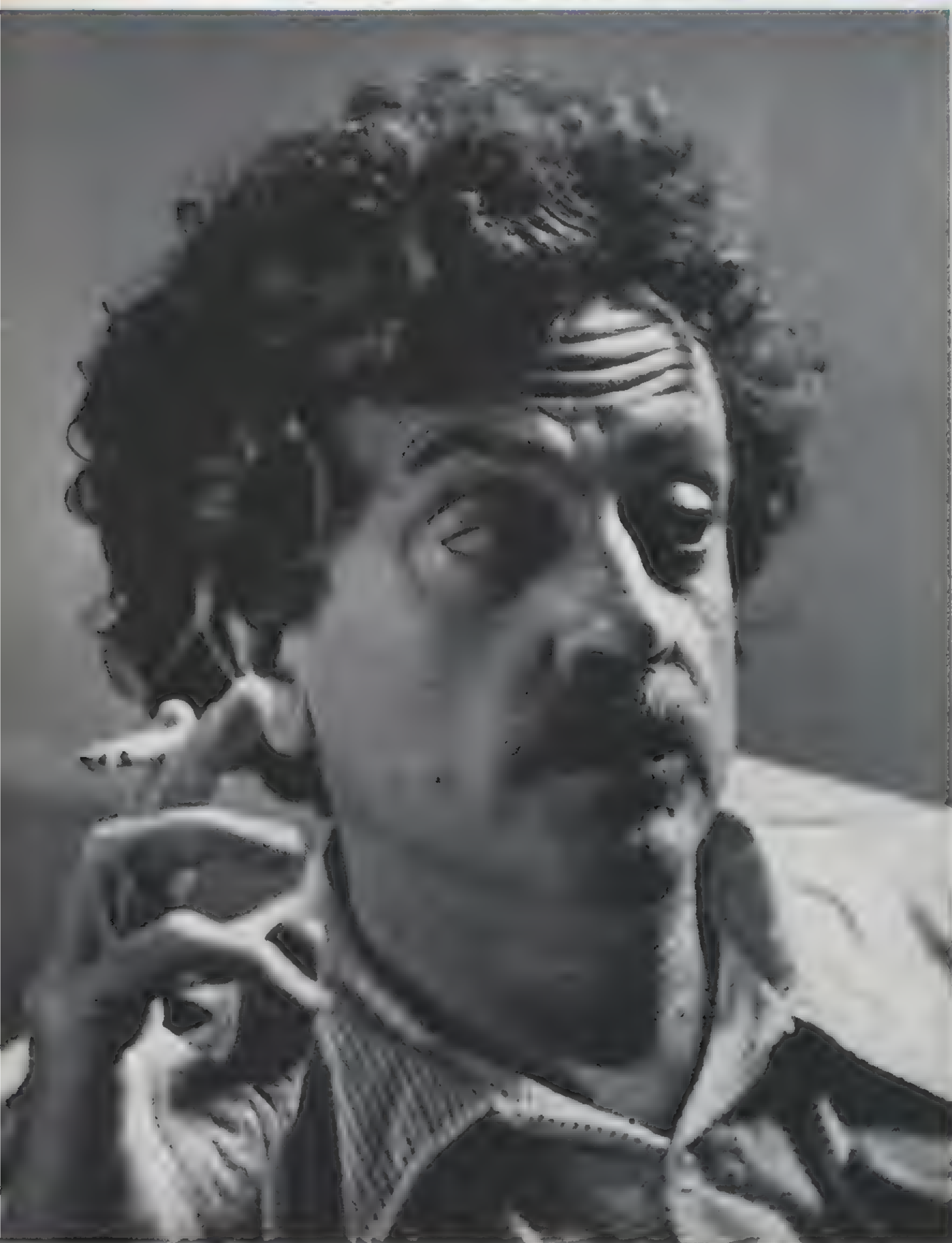
# DRESSES

THE EVENING LIFE  
IS VERY RICH  
FOR FALL...SO MANY  
BEAUTIFUL DRESSES  
TO CHOOSE FROM

From Karl Lagerfeld for Chloë, opposite, a crêpe de Chine dress that's like being in three little black sweaters at night—gold-ribboned cardigan over an undershirt top and pleated skirt, with a matching scarf muffled at the neck. Hurel crêpe de Chine. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Godchaux; Lou Lattimore. From Christian Dior, one of the prettiest dresses in Paris, this page—the simplest, softest sweateery thing in thin, unstiff satin: red tunic cut really close to the body, with ruffs and cuffs of black organdie, over a long narrow black skirt. Glamour, dazzle, luxe . . . it's all here. Abraham satin. About \$400. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Coiffures throughout these pages, by Christophe Carita.



# WHAT WOMEN



JILL KREMENTZ

*Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., above, is the rarest of American birds, the writer-folk hero—crusty, funny, and outrageous in the tradition of Mark Twain. He is one of the few major figures everyone seems to want to hear and listen to. His novels—notably *Slaughterhouse Five*, a tremendous critical and popular success—slide their message home with a wise mix of science fiction and deadpan observation of the monstrous and the silly. For the young, Vonnegut is one of the few who has kept the dialogue going. The speech that we print here was delivered as the fiftieth annual address (Vonnegut the honored choice) for the Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield Foundation to The American Academy of Arts and Letters and The National Institute of Arts and Letters, whose New York marble and limestone headquarters are as imposing as the Academy's reputation.*

I was here for the first time last year. My impression then was, "My gosh—how thick the walls are!" (My father was an architect. My grandfather, too.)

When I was invited to give this address, it was explained to me that

I need not be serious. I was offended. I hadn't asked permission to be foolish—yet that was what was given to me.

I can be as serious as anyone here, with a few obvious exceptions. And I will prove it. I will speak of happiness, it's true—but I will speak of anthropology and biochemistry and unhappiness as well.

I wish in particular to call your attention to the work of Dr. M. Sydney Margoles, a Los Angeles endocrinologist, who is able to distinguish between male homosexuals and heterosexuals by means of urinalysis. He doesn't even have to meet them. What other sweet mysteries of life are chemicals? All of them, I believe. Biochemistry is everything. The speculations of artists about the human condition are trash.

Happiness is chemical. Before I knew that, I used to investigate happiness by means of questions and answers. (If I had my life to live over, I would learn how to perform a urinalysis.) And I asked my father when he was an old man, "Father, what has been the happiest day in your life so far?"

"It was a Sunday," he said.

Soon after he was married, he said, he bought a new Oldsmobile. This was before the First World War. (The Oldsmobile was not then the tin-knocker's wet dream it has since become.) This was in Indianapolis, Indiana. My father was an architect, as I've said—and a painter, too. And my father, the young architect and painter, took his new wife in his new Oldsmobile to the Indianapolis 500-mile Speedway on a Sunday afternoon. He burglarized a gate. He drove the Oldsmobile onto the track, which was made of bricks. And he and my mother drove around and around and around.

That was a happy day. My father was the widower of a suicide when he told me about that happiest day.

My father told me, too, what he supposed the happiest day in the life of *his* father had been. My paternal grandfather was probably happiest as a boy in Indiana, sitting with a friend on the cowcatcher of a moving locomotive. The locomotive was puffing from Indianapolis to Louisville. There was some wilderness still and bridges made of wood.

When night fell, the sky was filled with fireworks from the stack of the locomotive. What could be nicer than that? Nothing.

My father and grandfather were good artists. I'm sorry they can't be here today. They deserved your warm company in this cool tomb.

(They deserved your cool company in this warm tomb.)

My own son asked me a month ago what the happiest day of my life had been so far. He called down into my grave, so to speak. This speech is full of tombs. My son considered me practically dead, since I smoked so many *Pall Malls* every day. (He's right, too.)

I looked up from the pit, and I told him this: "The happiest day of my life, so far, was in October of 1945. I had just been discharged from the United States Army, which was still an honorable organization in those Walt Disney times. I had just been admitted to the department of anthropology of the University of Chicago.

"At last! I was going to study man!"

I began with physical anthropology. I was taught how to measure the size of the brain of a human being who had been dead a long time, who was all dried out. I bored a hole in his skull, and I filled it with grains of polished rice. Then I emptied the rice into a graduated cylinder. I found this tedious.

I switched to archaeology, and I learned something I already knew: that man had been a maker and smasher of crockery since the dawn of



# I REALLY WANT IS...

BY KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS WRITERS WHO HAS SEEN THE WORST WE DO  
IN THE LOVING LIGHT OF HOPE

time. And I went to my faculty adviser, and I confessed that science did not charm me, that I longed for poetry instead. I was depressed. I knew my wife and my father would want to kill me if I went into poetry.

My adviser smiled. "How would you like to study poetry that pretends to be scientific?" he asked me.

"Is such a thing possible?" I said.

He shook my hand. "Welcome to the field of social or cultural anthropology," he said. He told me that Ruth Benedict and Margaret Mead were already in it—and some sensitive gentlemen as well.

One of those gentlemen was Dr. Robert Redfield, the head of the department of anthropology at Chicago. He became the most satisfying teacher in my life. He scarcely noticed me. He sometimes looked at me as though I were a small, furry animal trapped in an office wastebasket. (I stole that image from George Plimpton, by the way. God love him.)

Dr. Redfield is dead now. Perhaps some physical anthropologist of the future will fill his skull with grains of polished rice and empty it out again—into a graduated cylinder. While he lived, he had in his head a lovely dream which he called "The Folk Society." He published this dream in *The American Journal of Sociology*, Volume 52, 1947, pages 293 through 308.

Dr. Redfield acknowledged that primitive societies were bewilderingly various. He begged us to admit, though, that all of them had certain characteristics in common. For instance: They were all so small that everybody knew everybody well, and associations lasted for life. The members communicated intimately with one another and very little with anybody else.

The members communicated only by word of mouth. There was no access to the experience and thought of the past, except through memory. The old were treasured for their memories. There was little change. What one man knew and believed was the same as what all men knew and believed. There wasn't much of a division of labor. What one person did was pretty much what another person did.

And so on. And Dr. Redfield invited us to call any such society "a Folk Society," a thing I often do. I will now give you a sample of Dr. Redfield's prose and an opportunity to taste his nostalgia for a sort of society once inhabited by all races of men.

In a folk society, says Dr. Redfield, and I quote him now, "... behavior is personal, not impersonal. A 'person' may be defined as that social object which I feel responds to situations as I do, with all the sentiments and interests which I feel to be my own; a person is myself in another form, his qualities and values are inherent within him, and his significance for me is not merely one of utility. A 'thing,' on the other hand, is a social object which has no claim upon my sympathies, which responds to me, as I conceive it, mechanically; its value for me exists in so far as it serves my end. In the folk society, all human beings admitted to the society are treated as persons; one does not deal impersonally ('thing fashion') with any other participant in the little world of that society.

"Moreover," Dr. Redfield goes on, "in the folk society much besides human beings is treated personally. The pattern of behavior which is first suggested by the inner experience of the individual—his wishes, fears, sensitivities, and interests of all sorts—is projected into all objects with

which he comes in contact. Thus nature, too, is treated personally; the elements, the features of the landscape, the animals, and especially anything in the environment which by its appearance or behavior suggests the attributes of mankind—to all these are attributed qualities of the human person." (I stop quoting now.)

And I say to you that we are full of chemicals which require us to belong to folk societies or, failing that, to feel lousy all the time. We are chemically engineered to live in folk societies, just as fish are chemically engineered to live in clean water—and there aren't any folk societies for us any more.

How lucky you are to be here today, for I can explain everything. Sigmund Freud admitted that he did not know what women wanted. I know what they want. *Cosmopolitan* magazine says they want orgasms, which can only be a partial answer at best. Here is what women really want: they want lives in folk societies, wherein everyone is a friendly relative, and no act or object is without holiness. Chemicals make them want that. Chemicals make us all want that.

Chemicals make us furious when we are treated as things rather than persons. When anything happens to us which would not happen to us in a folk society, our chemicals make us feel like fish out of water. Our chemicals demand that we get back into water again. If we become increasingly wild and preposterous in modern times—well, so do fish on riverbanks, for a little while.

If we become increasingly apathetic in modern times—well, so do fish on riverbanks, after a little while. Our children often come to resemble apathetic fish—except that fish can't play guitars. And what do many of our children attempt to do? They attempt to form folk societies, which they call "communes." They fail. The generation gap is an argument between those who believe folk societies are still possible and those who know they aren't.

Older persons form clubs and corporations and the like. Those who form them pretend to be interested in this or that narrow aspect of life. Members of the Lions Club pretend to be interested in the cure and prevention of diseases of the eye. They are in fact lonesome Neanderthals, obeying the First Law of Life, which is this: "Human beings become increasingly contented as they approach the simpleminded, brotherly conditions of a folk society."

The American Academy of Arts and Letters and The National Institute of Arts and Letters don't really give a damn for arts and letters, in my opinion. They, too, are chemically induced efforts to form a superstitious, affectionate clan or village or tribe. To them I say this, "Lots of luck, boys and girls."

There are other good clubs. The Loyal Order of the Moose is open to any male who is Christian and white. I myself admire The War Dads of America. In order to become a War Dad, one must have had a friend or a relative who served in the armed forces of the United States sometime during the past 195 years. The friend or relative need not have received an honorable discharge, though that helps, I'm told.

It also helps to be stupid. My father and grandfather were not stupid, so they did not join the Moose or anything. They (Continued on page 93)



# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . THE NEW MOVIE HIT IN LONDON, **YOUNG WINSTON**, WITH THREE BRILLIANT ACTORS AS THE YOUNG WINSTON CHURCHILL: SIMON WARD, MICHAEL AUDRESON, AND, WITH HIS BULLDOG, ABOVE, RUSSELL LEWIS, PERHAPS THE BEST OF ALL, POSSIBLY BECAUSE HE LOOKS MOST LIKE CHURCHILL, PROVING AGAIN CHURCHILL'S FAMOUS ANSWER TO A WOMAN WHO SAID HER BABY LOOKED LIKE HIM: "ALL BABIES LOOK LIKE ME."

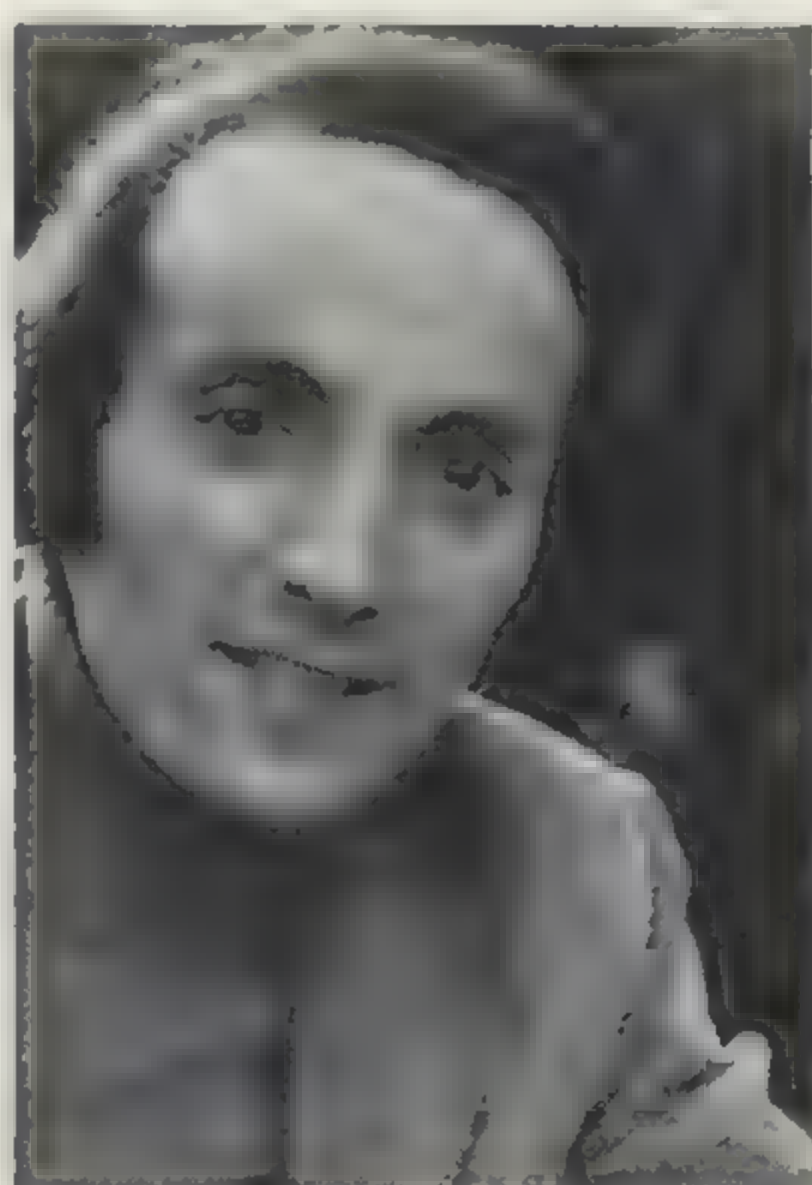
*. . . The impatience to get the election over with and the gnawing suspicion that no matter who is elected the larger problems, particularly the economy, will remain unsolved.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

**CECIL BEATON**, WHO SEEMS TO HAVE MADE **GRETA GARBO** THE HEROINE OF HIS MEMOIRS—A SENSATION IN ENGLAND, TO BE PUBLISHED HERE—DESCRIBING HER AS "OF A HIGH, SIFTED QUALITY." . . . "MATRONIZE," THE FEMININE FORM OF "PATRONIZE."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Uncoupling, The Art of Coming Apart, by Norman Sheresky and Marya Mannes, an almost too

sober book of divorce strategies that warns against strong-arm lawyers and emotional overkill. . . . **RAQUEL WELCH**, left, somewhat of a heroine for the roles she dares to play, showing remarkable stamina as a roller skater in Kansas City Bomber. . . . Walter Carlos's beautiful, impressionistic mix of natural sounds and the Moog Synthesizer in his new album, Sonic Seasonings.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **ERICH SEGAL**, left, who gave to us Love Story and to Yale University, the classics—now out of school and onto the playing field—covering the summer Olympics in Munich beginning

August 25 for ABC television. . . . **RICHARD BURTON**, speeding down the list of the world's great men, as Leon Trotsky, done up in George Arliss-style makeup, in The Assassination of Trotsky, a movie that is as full of meaningful pauses as Freud, that other intellectual-movie flub. . . . **DAVID BOWIE**, the young British singer, and the silver-vinyl decadence of his album Ziggy Stardust, part Alice Cooper, part His Satanic Majesty. . . . "Musical fathers," the international version of "musical chairs" that makes it dead certain that the man seen with a pregnant starlet is neither her husband nor the child's father. . . . **ZUBIN MEHTA'S** dazzling recording of Holst's The Planets, corny but soaring, as if written for some unproduced movie epic. . . . The scientific findings that favor hard water over soft, not just in connection with heart disease but total physical well-being. . . . "Deep subjectivity," the latest psychological fad that goes beyond rationalism, behaviorism, and all the other "isms."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . **WOODY ALLEN**, at it again in Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex . . . But Were Afraid to Ask, a movie so stupid-silly that it is endearingly funny. . . . The Revue, new works by Murray Schisgal, Jules Feiffer, and Dan Greenburg, among others—sketches, skits, fables, and songs—nasty, funny, thoroughly 'seventies, performed at the Moon in East Hampton, Long Island, one of the best things that has happened this summer: the return of cabaret. . . . The newly discovered trace elements—fluorine, silicon, tin, and vanadium—in the chemical composition of man's body that many scientists think offer a clue to health. . . . **RONA BARRETT**, right, the Hollywood gossip columnist, and her controversial first soap-novel, The Lovemaniacs, that slaps many famous wrists.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The young woman who when asked her astrological sign at a party said, "I'm a Vegaquarian."

A TENT-PREACHER, CON MAN  
TURNS STAR

**Marjoe**

Marjoe Gortner, right, with his curls, big ears, and hallelujah delivery, is the newest kind of 'seventies star, leaping the gap left by the fizzle of rock: a holy-rolling con man, a traveling preacher whose splendid, showy cynicism has been pieced together in an extraordinary documentary film, Marjoe, that asks some unthinkable questions about being alive in 1972. At four, Marjoe—his name is an acronym of Mary and Joseph—became a soul-saving evangelist with a twenty-six-inch-high pulpit, a karate-chopping baby Elmer Gantry who first caught the national eye when he began to perform marriages. Marjoe dropped out of his tent-show ministry at fourteen; started to preach again six years ago; now wants the film of his life to serve as a confession as well as an exposé, a sort of farewell to tents and choirs and easy money. What remains, however, is a great act—hellfire-and-damnation, gooseflesh, and a Mick Jagger strut.

AVEDON











# KITTY HAWKS

## FAST RUNNER ON A MODERN TRACK

Looking at Kitty Hawks, you might take her for one of those tough-tender, madcap heiresses who romped through the comedies her father, Howard Hawks, used to make back in the Hollywood 'thirties. And you'd be dead wrong. Her glamour is in no way nostalgic. Kitty is a straight-from-the-hip girl, a great girl in the cool, modern idiom. Frank, intelligent, with remarkable smoke-blue eyes, her concern with fashion is simply that of the healthy, interested young woman who uses clothes as another medium for expressing a personal flair that shows in everything she does.... Whether at work—she reads and scouts scripts and material for feature films and television specials at Talent Associates—or at home doing needlepoint or organizing the recent, wildly successful benefit for Phoenix House, Kitty is efficient and ambitious, followed by that luck which seems to trail the well-organized.... As for the heiress part, "God knows, I wish I were."

## RACY BLACK JERSEY AT NIGHT

Kitty Hawks, both pages, has the temperament and high good looks to turn a dead-on sexy dress into something infinitely alluring... wears, here, a bare-back flow of black matte jersey crisscrossed with black satin ribbon. Donald Brooks Boutique; rayon (Jasco fabric). About \$145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Balliet's; Swanson's. Coifs and makeup, these six pages, by Franklyn Welsh. Accessory information, both pages, on the next to the last page of this issue.











FAST RUNNER ON A MODERN TRACK

# KITTY HAWKS

## IN THE FUR BLOUSON

If you love being in pants—as Kitty does—the jacket you’re going to want with them this season is a blouson—small, handy. And nifty in fur, day and evening....Left, silky silvery fox blouson—dolman sleeves pushed up here over white shirtsleeves; ribbed waistband cinched by a narrow belt. Worn with black-and-white checked wool pants. Blouson of silver fox flanks, by Oscar de la Renta Furs. To order at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Giorgini pants, about \$75 at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin....Right, the pants suit at night in black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb—small, sleek, racy; the blouson buttoned only twice to display pale, flawless skin when warmth is not the issue. By Emeric Partos. Made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Accessories, both pages, on the next to last page.



FAST RUNNER ON A MODERN TRACK

# KITTY HAWKS



## IN SMALL, EASY BLACK AT NIGHT

**F**or small-boned girls, the small evening dress to own—right on the body and easy as being in a little black sweater....Kitty, opposite—big smoke-blue eyes, black lashes, thick dark hair, very fair skin—spectacular coloring for black. ...Left, soft, stretchy black puckered velvet—like a cardigan to the ankles with buttons all the way and a white satin shirt collar. By Eleanor Brenner for Brenner Couture, of rayon. About \$130. At Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Hudson's; Foley's. ...Above, a short little flip of black matte jersey, stitched in scarlet, with a soft blouson top. By Stephen Burrows, rayon (Jasco fabric). About \$125. Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page of issue.











# ESSENTIALS

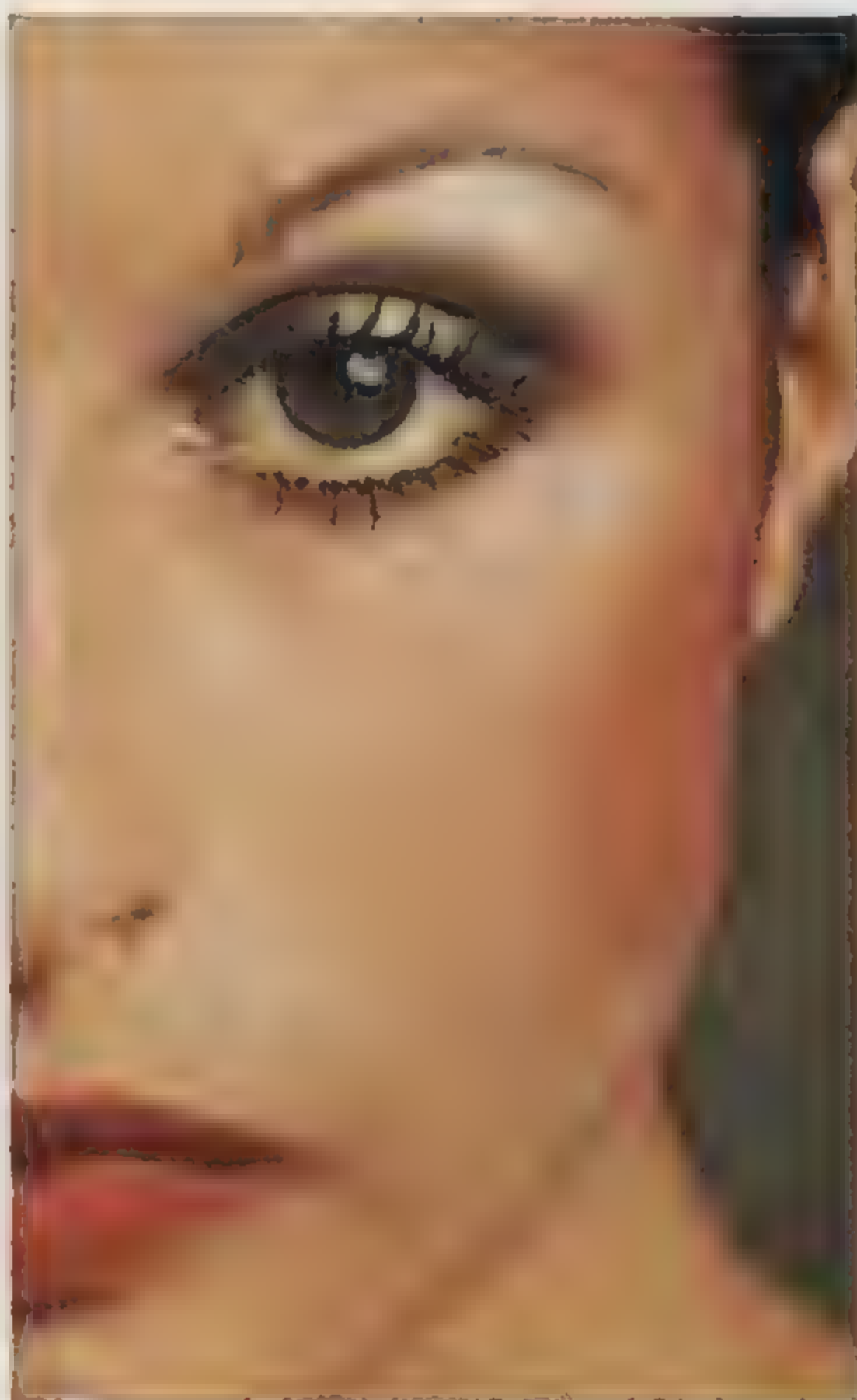
**L** What to wear with what: a complete guide to everything you're going to need to make the new clothes work. The eye makeup. The body basics. The shoes and stockings to wear with pants, suits, dresses. The new accessories . . . for day and night

WHETHER IT'S A DAY OF BEIGES OR A DAZZLING NIGHT, YOU HAVE TO GET YOUR EYES ACROSS FAST. WITH PALER SKIN, BRIGHTER MOUTH, EYE MAKEUP IS ESSENTIAL—IN WARM, LIVELY, SOFTLY SMUDGED COLORS KEYED TO WHAT YOU'RE WEARING

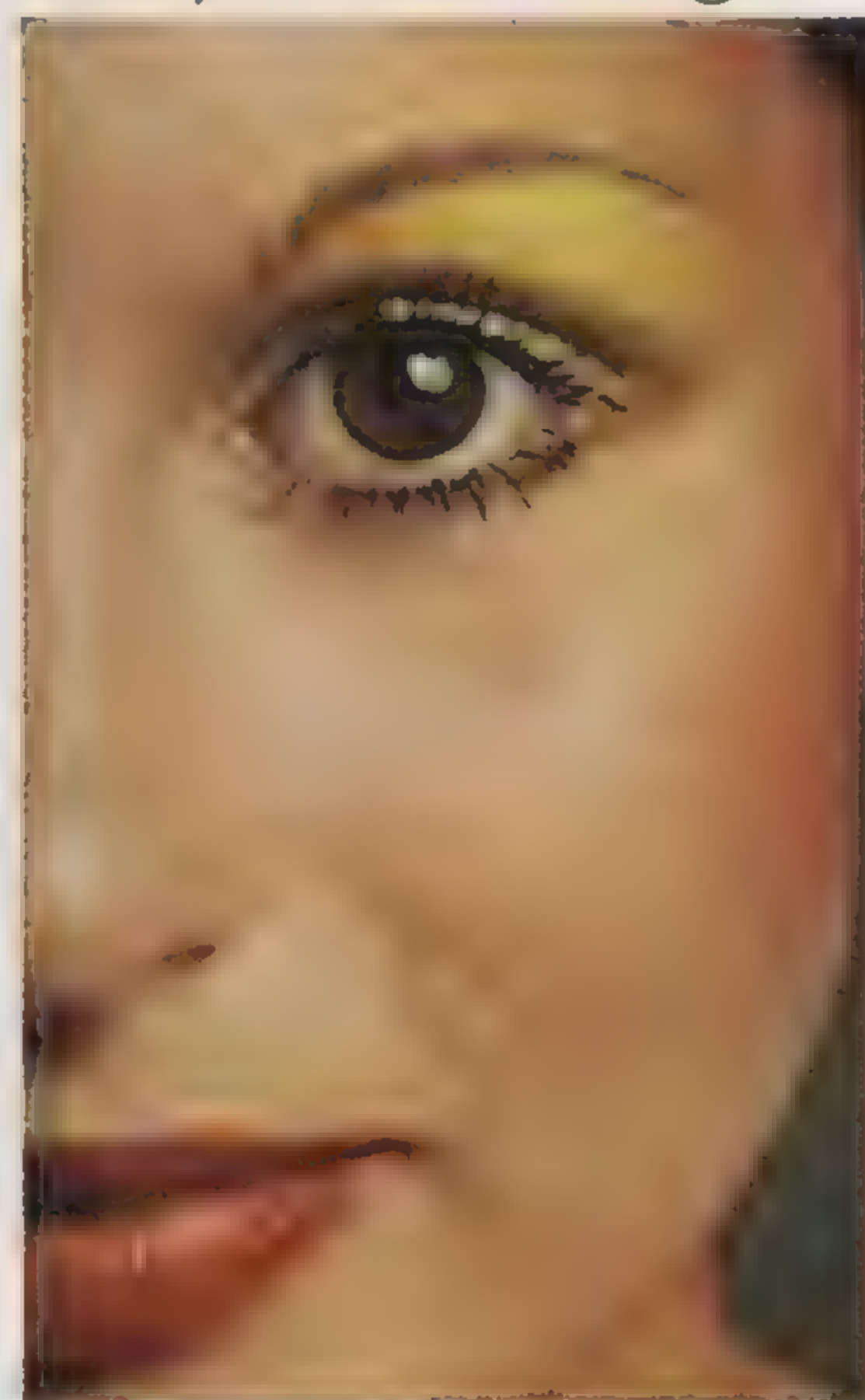
One of the newest ways to look for evening, left: Oscar de la Renta's dolman-sleeved dress of embroidered chiffon and satin stitched over the hip, falling in soft pleats . . . easy as being in a shirt and skirt. With it, night eyes blending violet and green, with silver shimmer under the eyebrows. . . . Dress of Bianchini silk chiffon, Abraham satin-backed crêpe. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; Swanson's; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. Revlon eye makeup: Shadow in a Pot. Setting: Paul Schupf's New York apartment. Accessories, next to last page. Coif, left, by François of Kenneth. Maquillage, both pages, by Franklyn Welsh.



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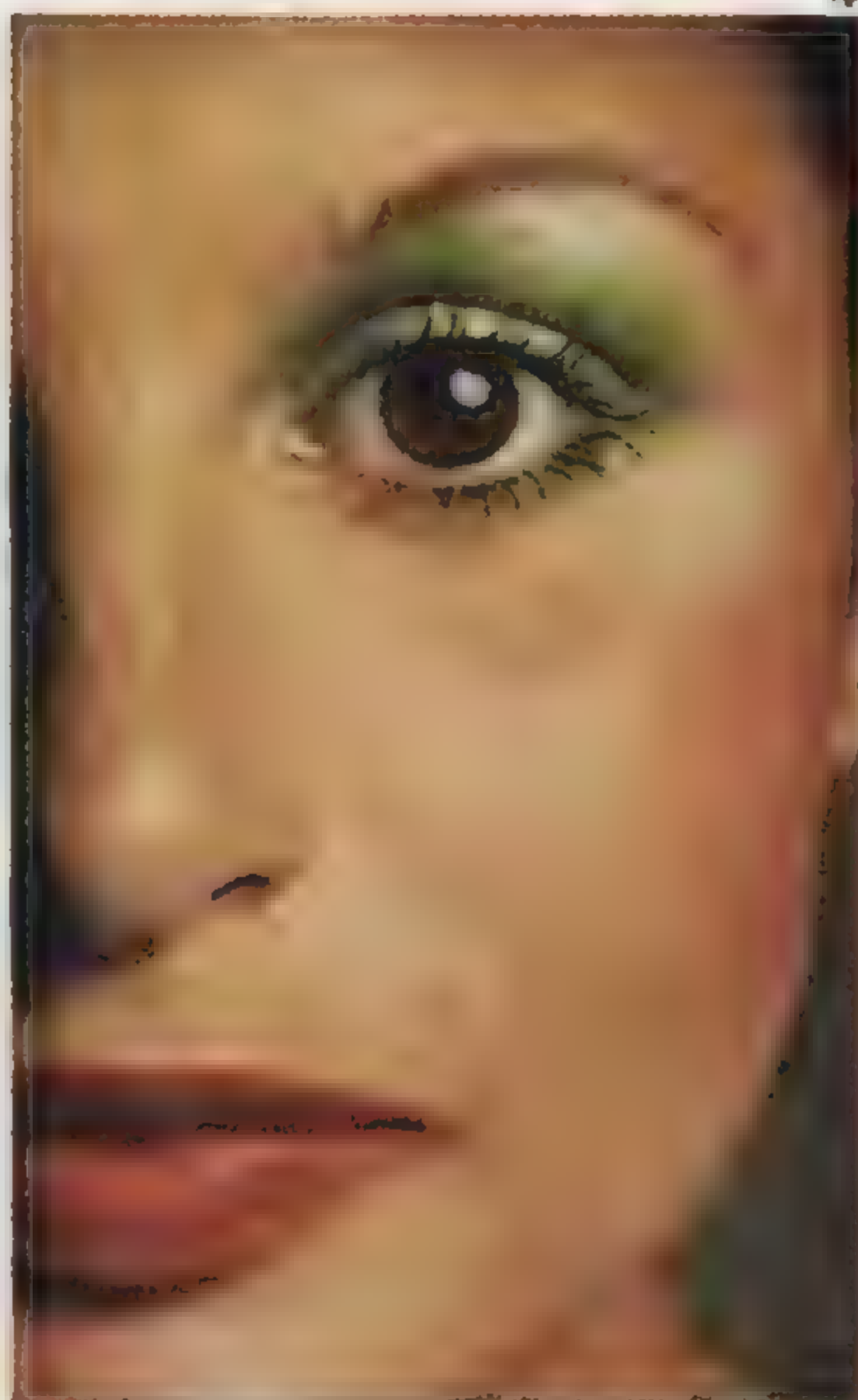
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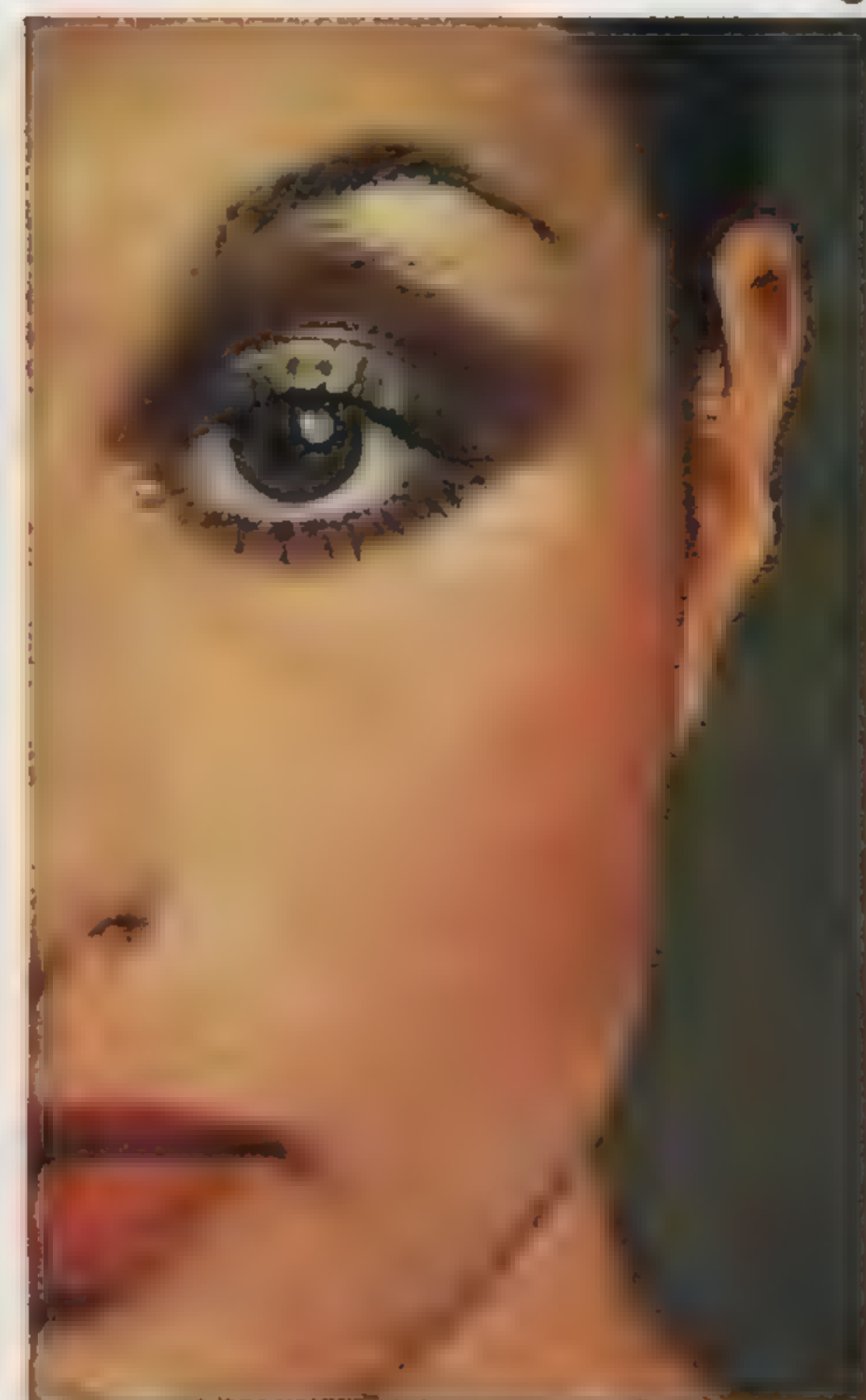
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6

**1.** The apricot arch for day—warm color blended over the whole eyelid, curving down to blush the cheek. Charles Revson's Ultima II Patina Eyeshadows: Winter Melon with Rich Cocoa in the crease of the lid. . . . **2.** For day, a smudged almond of shadow around the eye, rimmed with a sunny halo. Polly Bergen's Moisturizing Eye Shadow on a Brush:

Driftwood; Sunlights Liquid Eye Lights. . . . **3.** Daylights—lemon yellow with a smudge of ochre extending the crease. Aziza's Frosted Eye Shadows: Iced Lemon. . . . **4.** At night, a silvery moonbeam flanked by warm blue—clear from eyebrow to lashes. Estée Lauder's Eye Glaze; China Blue Eye Glossamer. . . . **5.** A feathering of purple at night, with a

glint of green at the lashes, gold shimmer above. Helena Rubinstein's Minute Shadowmatic Two-Toners: Smoked Amethyst, Green Pearls. . . . **6.** Night lights—brownish-green shadow surrounded by silver—on the lid, under the brow, and dusting the top of the cheekbone. Panne Powder Shadow by Charles of the Ritz: Spinach with Silver Denim.

**The look for eyes** DAY AND NIGHT





THE SWEATERY LITTLE  
BODYSUIT—OFTEN WITH  
A SHIRT UNDERNEATH—  
THE STOCKING, THE SHOE.  
A TOTAL FOLLOW-THROUGH OF  
TONES IN VARYING TEXTURES,  
PATTERNS, WEIGHTS.  
EVERYTHING GEARS  
TO EVERYTHING ELSE.



What goes for suits goes for dresses—there are going to be lots of both this year and, therefore, lots of leg. And it's not going to be covered by a boot. You're in a shoe. That's where everything starts—the whole interplay of tones and textures. And it keeps going straight up the leg to the dress, the suit, and whatever you have on underneath—a shirt, maybe with a sweater over it, or a knitted bodysuit that works as a sweater. . . . At left, the look for day begins with the new pump for suits—Herbert Levine's classic black calf: oval toe; high, stacked leather heel. Going up: silvery herringbone tights by Schiaparelli, soft black kid envelope, Halston's silvery-grey wrap skirt and

# the new basics





5



9



6



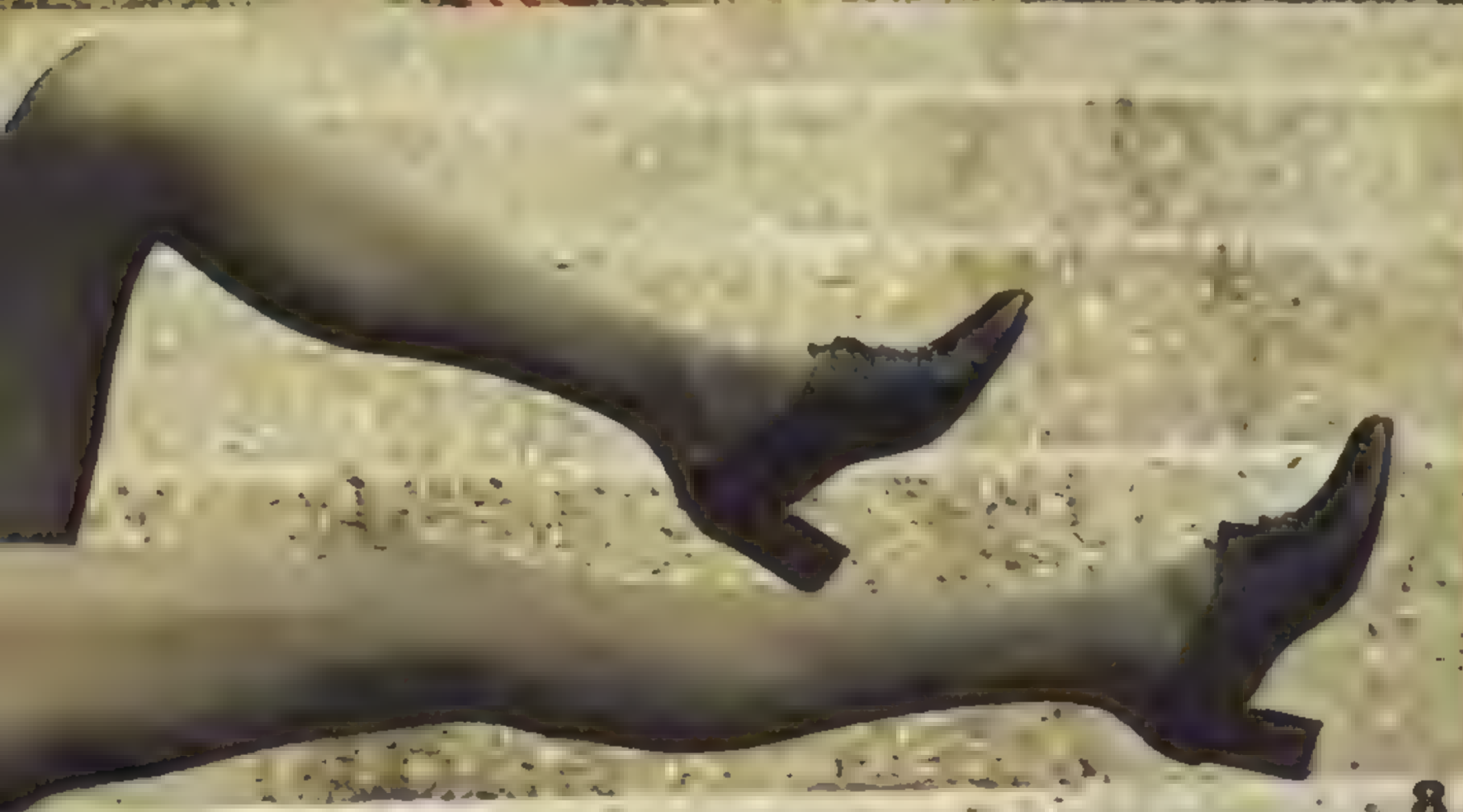
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7



11



8



12

cardigan jacket in wool jersey worn with his ribbed black cashmere pull and ivory silk shirt, and belted with a double cord of silver held by a horn. Suit (Agnona fabric), about \$240; pull, about \$80; shirt, about \$85. All at Martha; Montaldo's; Jacobson's; Stanley Korshak; Frost Bros. Shoes, \$50. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Tights, \$3. At L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. **1.** The bodysuit you wear like a sweater—sleeves pulled up or down; alone or over a shirt; under suits, dresses; with pants—because a sweater is what it looks and feels like: Chadbourn's ribby angora, with tights in a paler shade of aquamarine. Bodysuit, \$21. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Tights, \$1.50. I. Magnin. **2.** Black

patent toe and heel, shades of grey suède between—trim, texture-y Oxford ties by Herbert Levine. \$55. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. Christian Dior tights in tones of grey plaid. \$3.50. At Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. **3.** Three-star attraction—turtleneck bodysuit in deep-blue ribby knit by Mayer, with three big stars knitted down the front. \$17.50. Available late September, at Bloomingdale's; Foley's. Same tone going clear down the leg with Hanes deep-blue sheer tights. \$3. At Bergdorf Goodman. **4.** New moccasin around town—high-heeled ones by Beth's Bootery in navy patent with giant red suède tongues. \$54. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Roman Stripe's herringbone tights. \$3.95.

Bergdorf Goodman. **5.** Knitted wool bodysuit in black with bright flowers in neat rows; sheer matching tights—both Chadbourn's. Bodysuit, \$16. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Tights, \$1.50. Hudson's; I. Magnin. **6.** Burgundy spilled the length of the leg—Belle-Shormeer's patterned tights—and Palizzio's Burgundy calfskin pump. Tights, \$3.50. Lord & Taylor. Shoe, \$36. At Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson. **7.** New kind of cardigan—Jantzen's dolman-sleeved bodysuit in sweatey white knit. \$20. At Lord & Taylor; The Emporium. Ribby white tights by Bonnie Doon. \$3. **8.** Bottle-green patent Oxford ties with wing tips, higher heels—Julianelli's racy walking shoe. \$52. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Also great for getting around the day, Berkshire's heathery dark-green tights. \$3. Hudson's. **9.** Heathery-pink bodysuit, sheer heather-pink tights—both by Roman Stripe. Bodysuit, \$10. Tights, \$2.50. Henri Bendel. **10.** Blending tones—Golo's spectator pumps in beige kidskin with brown platform, heel, toe, and Bergdorf Goodman's stockings in natural crochet. Shoe, \$28. Bonwit Teller. Stockings, \$6. **11.** More heathery color—a soft grey this time: Belle-Shormeer's turtleneck bodysuit and ribby tights to match. Bodysuit, \$10; tights, \$4. Both, late August at Lord & Taylor; Wanamaker's, Phila. **12.** The last of the wine—Burgundy suède laced shoes with satin bows and plaid tights in the same vintage red. Margaret Jerrold's shoe, \$46. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel, Lou Lattimore. Phoenix tights, \$3. Bloomingdale's. Coiffures on these two pages by François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page.

# FOR SUITS





IT HAS TEXTURE,  
STURDINESS WITH-  
OUT BEING CLUNKY:  
THE LIFT OF A PLAT-  
FORM...OFTEN A  
HIGH HEEL, ALWAYS  
AN EMPHATIC ONE....  
NO BREAK IN LINE  
BETWEEN VAMP AND  
PANTS CUFF. NO  
BREAK IN TONE...

# *the shoe*



The look for pants, left—all wheatened, whitened tones top to toe. Starting with a headwrap in ivory cashmere, long fur jacket in blowy Russian hare, suède pouch, beige muffler, fuzzy gloves, natural angora turtleneck, cuffed pants—and then the perfect shoe: Oxford ties in taupe suède with stitched toe and





# FOR PANTS

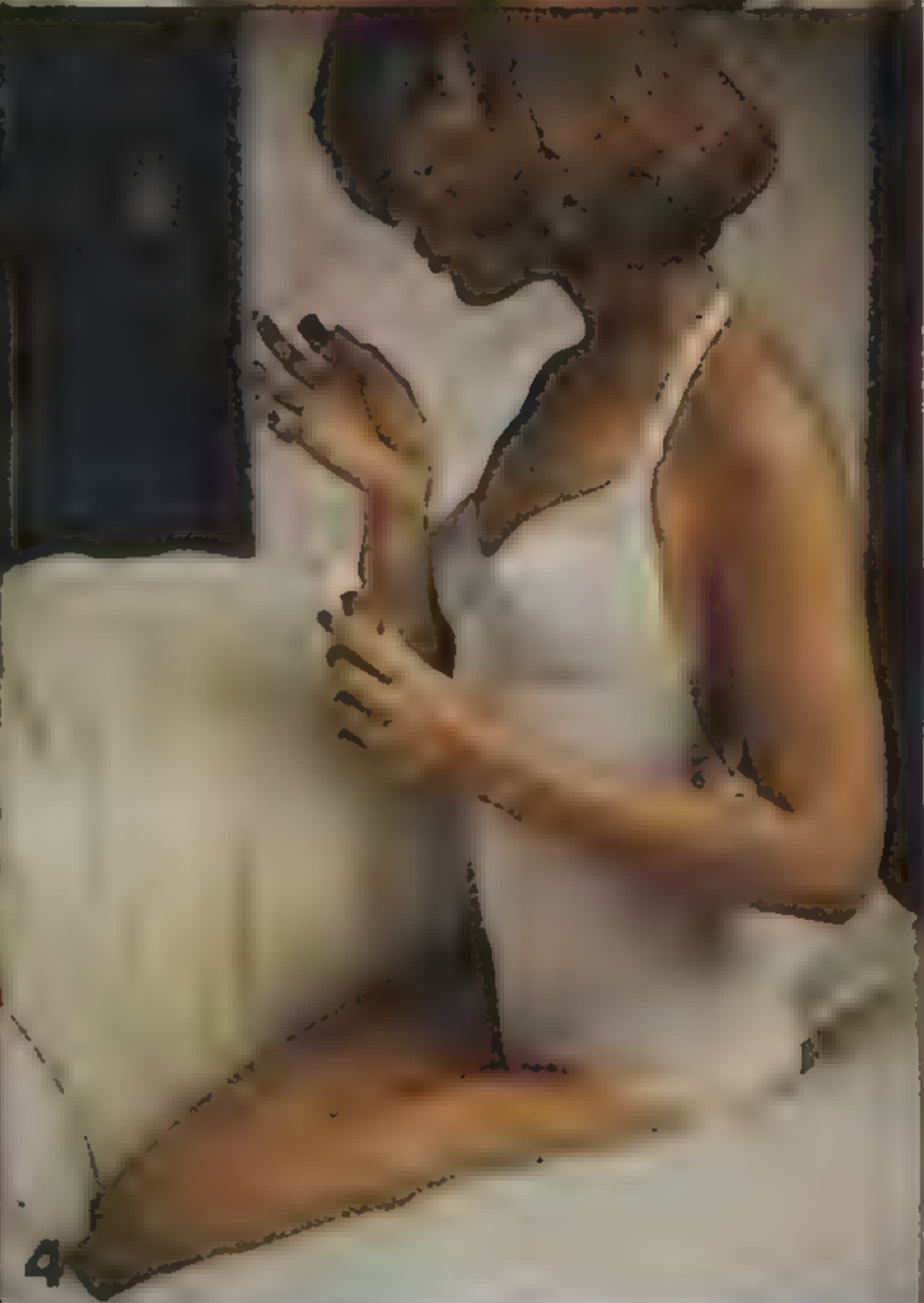
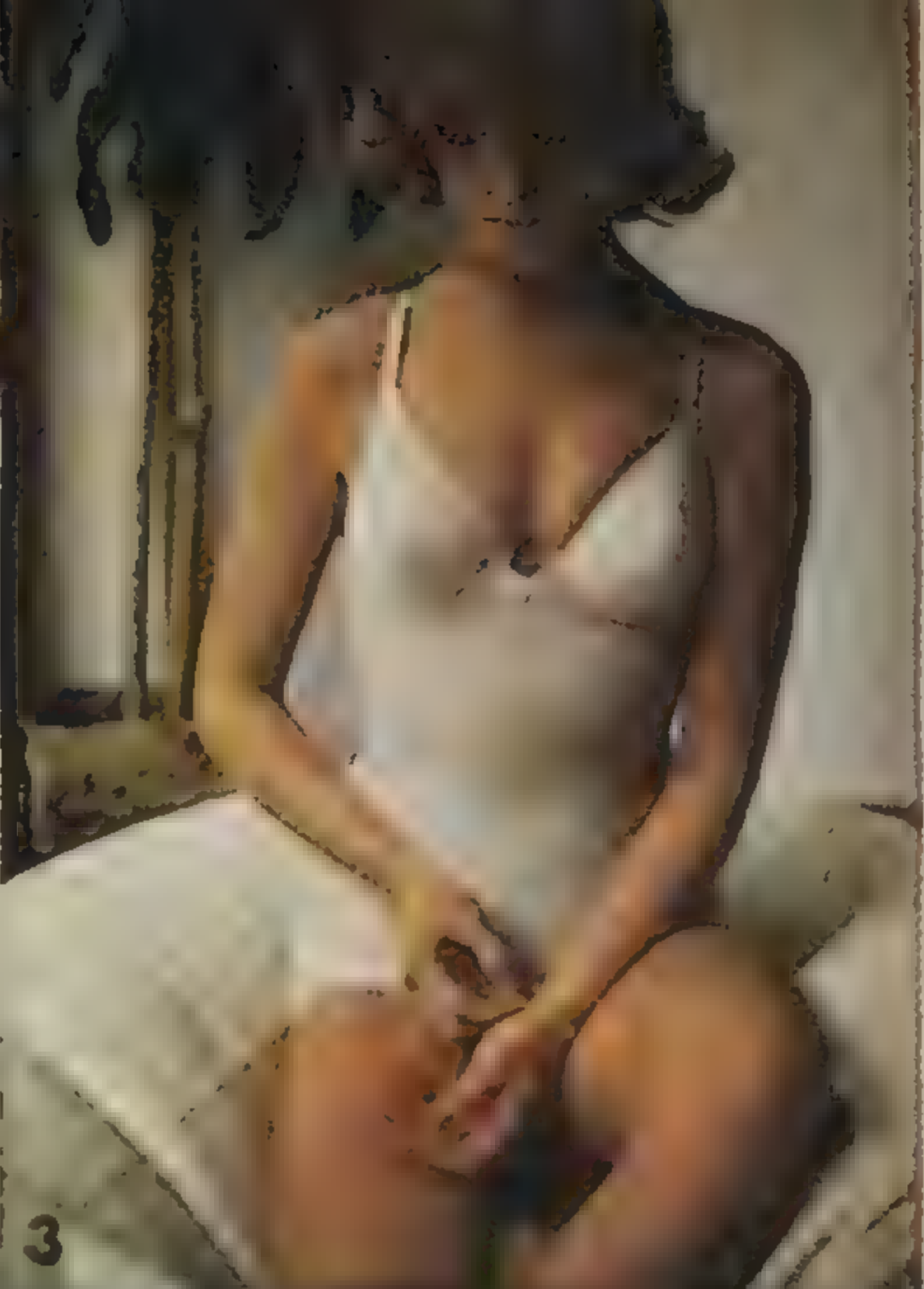
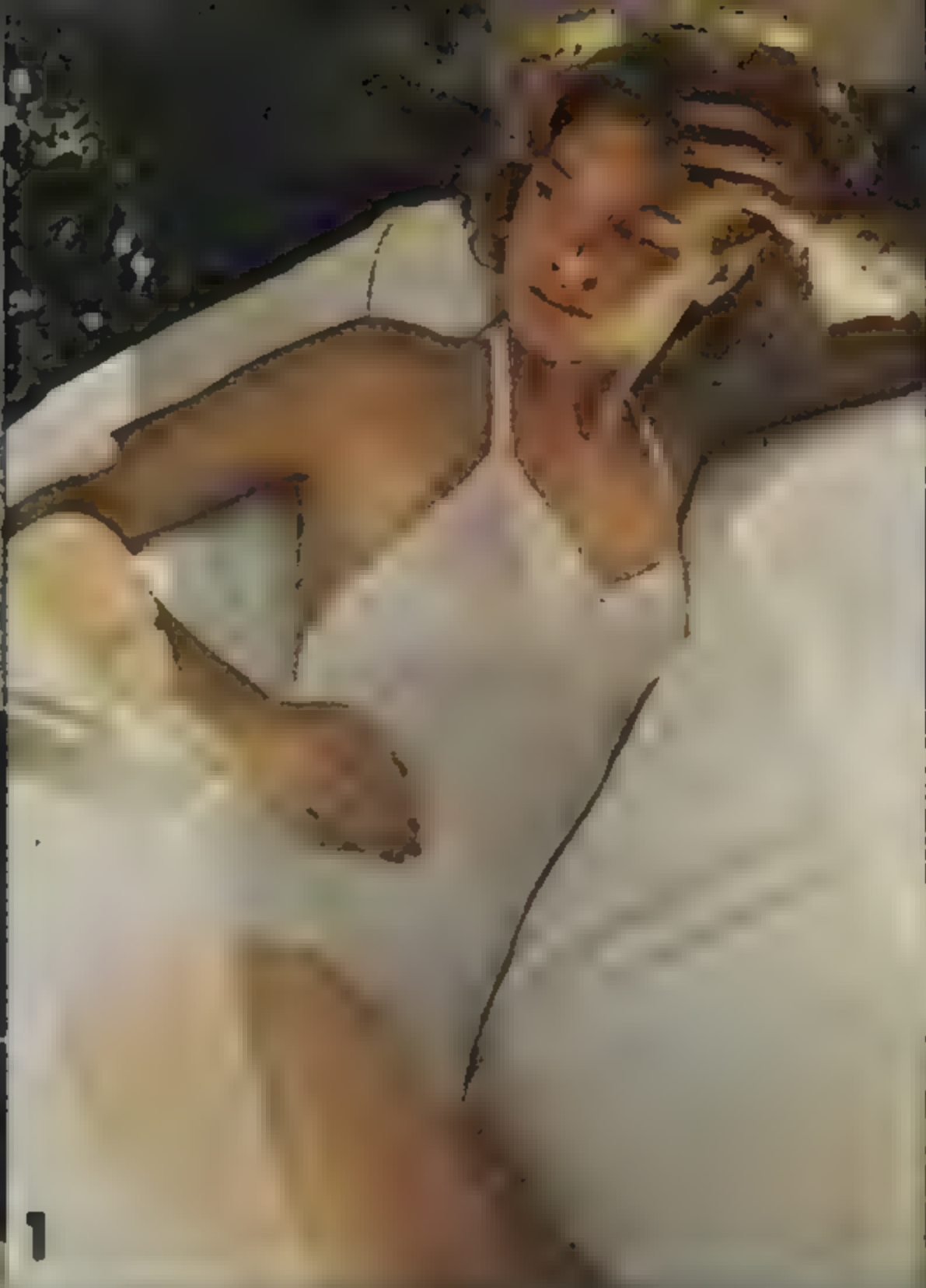
sides and good solid stacked leather heels. They're Charles Jourdan's, \$47. Charles Jourdan Salon. Coat by Emeric Partos, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Sweater, about \$54; camel's-hair pants (Amicale Fabric), about \$66. Both by Blassport, at Bergdorf Goodman; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Stanley

Korshak. Accessories, next to last page of this issue. **1.** Oxblood-red calf ankle boot—also by Charles Jourdan—rising on a little platform and stacked leather heel. \$42. At Charles Jourdan Salon. With it, a magenta cable-stitched knee sock by Trimfit. \$1.25. At Lord & Taylor. **2.** Two textures—black patent

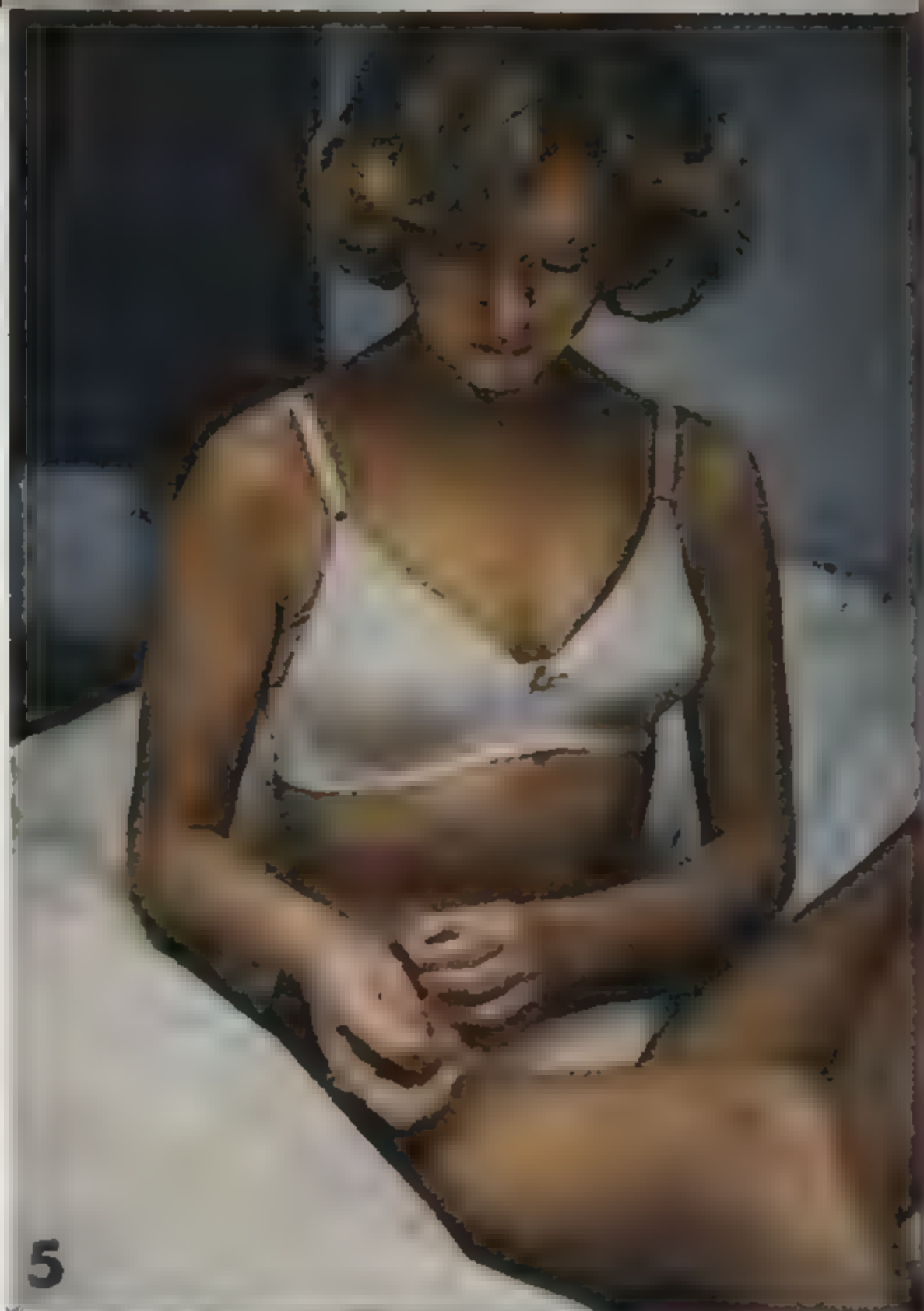
and russet suède—for Charles Jourdan's high-stepping Oxford ties. \$55. Charles Jourdan Salon; I. Magnin. Russety-orange tights in a herringbone pattern (remember, even in pants your legs show—sitting down, bending over, going upstairs). These, by Phoenix. \$3. At Bloomingdale's. **3.** Saint Laurent's

jodhpur boot—pale calfskin with wing tips and a patina it usually takes years to get. (Boots for pants, yes. Boots for weather, yes. Otherwise, shoes all the way.) \$65. Saint Laurent Boutique at Bloomingdale's. Gold-lozenged brownish knee sock by Gold Toe. **4.** A strapped pump with high vamp—Margaret Jerrold's done it in pale suède on a quilted brown suède clog. \$60. Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Ribby tights by Danskin in opaque brown. \$4.25. Macy's; Marshall Field. **5.** The zip-front clog shoe—Charles Jourdan's snappy yellow kid, riding high on black wood. \$65. Charles Jourdan Salon; Hudson's. More color going up the leg: Trimfit's patchwork sock. \$1.75. At Bloomingdale's. **6.** Keeping it pale, keeping it grey—laced suède walking shoe, heathery tights. Shoe by David Evins, \$55. At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Tights by Trimfit. **7.** Bright green patent above and below—Walter Steiger for Pancaldi's T-strap sandal on a wedge. \$48. Tights in greenery-yallery window-pane plaid by Christian Dior. \$3.50. At Bergdorf Goodman; Joske's. **8.** Saint Laurent's strapped spectator pump—taupey suède and leather with a thick crêpe sole, matching three-inch heel. \$55. Saint Laurent Boutique at Bloomingdale's. Taupey tweed over-the-knee sock by Roman Stripe. \$2. At Henri Bendel. **9.** Walking shoe with a fine bench-made air—Customcraft's in shining Burgundy calf. \$34. At Lord & Taylor. In much the same tone, patterned knee sock by Bonnie Doon. \$2. At Bonwit Teller. **10.** A purple Oxford tie on a high crêpe sole by Walter Steiger for Pancaldi—and about the most comfortable kind of lift there is. \$50. At Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel, Lou Lattimore. Knitty purple textured knee sock by Adler, \$1.50. At Bloomingdale's. **11.** Ankle-bone boot in greenish-grey suède by Palmroth of Finland, with darker edging and buttons up the side. \$50. At Fiorentina. Phoenix's patterned knee sock carries the greenish-grey tone up the leg. \$2. At Bloomingdale's. **12.** Grey suède Oxford tie outlined in white, David Evins' wonderfully trim walking shoe. \$55. At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Heathery ribbed sock over the knee, by Bonnie Doon. \$2. At Bloomingdale's.





TO WEAR UNDER  
EVERYTHING SOFT  
AND SWEATERY:  
BRAS AND ALL-  
IN-ONES—  
PALEST NUDE  
TO MOCHA—  
SOFT, ROUNDED  
TO MAKE THE  
MOST OF YOUR  
FIGURE IN THE  
LIGHTEST WAY



In Oscar de la Renta's sweatery-soft navy satin-crêpe halter dress, left, your neck is muffled and that's it. Your shoulders are bare. Your back is bare. . . . What you want underneath, you'll find right here—and just about everything else you'll need under fashion this year. . . . Dress, from Oscar de la Renta Boutique, of Hargro satin-backed acetate-and-nylon crêpe. About \$210. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's;

*the*  
**fashion**





Blum's Vogue; Young Quinlan; Joseph Magnin. Photographed in the New York apartment of Paul Schupf. . . . **1.** The perfect little stretch for halters (might be under the one at left)—cut low in back, low under the arms. With as much stretch as you need to hold you lightly. By Kayser Perma-Lift; Du Pont nylon and Lycra. \$8. At Franklin Simon; Hudson's. . . . **2.** A nude all-in-one that lots of women will want be-

cause it really holds—without getting you in a bind. By Smoothie, of Qiana nylon and Lycra. \$15. At Altman's; Sakowitz. . . . **3.** A nude all-in-one with a smidge of padding and underwires for a little lift . . . and a good, deep décolletage for plungy necklines. By Vasarette, of nylon and Lycra. \$11. At Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila. . . . **4.** For the barest-back halter dresses, a nude halter-in-one bared to

the waist in back. By Formfit Rogers, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. \$11. September at Bonwit Teller. . . . **5.** For the woman with a fuller bosom, a bra that's less wispy than it looks—and unseamed so it's perfectly smooth. By Gossard, of Dacron; nylon-and-Lycra back. \$5.50. At Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. . . . **6.** A plunge-front halter bra that can be pulled very low in back—and stay put—

without flattening in front. Slip-on bra by Sil-o-ette, of Antron nylon and Lycra. \$4. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. . . . **7.** The lightest little bra of all—and one of the most comfortable. With a wide V-neck, by Bali, of Crepeset nylon and Lycra. \$4.50. Matching nude bikini pantie, \$3. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. . . . **8.** For women with good figures who want just a touch of control—a stretch of mocha with wider, comfortable straps. By Maidenform, of nylon and Lycra. \$10. Early September, Lord & Taylor; Bullock's. . . . **9.** The prettiest kind of all-in-one—easy and sleek, with the narrowest lace edges, tiny cutouts, smooth satin cups. By Vanity Fair, of Du Pont nylon and Lycra. \$12.50. Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin. . . . **10.** Under a long, V-neck sweater dress some evening, how about a plunge of satin-y bra with wide, wide-set straps. By Van Raalte, in nude Du Pont nylon and Lycra. \$5. Bloomingdale's; Hudson's. . . . **11.** Wisps of smooth lace—wide-strap, deep-plunge bra with cups that slip along an elastic band to separate as much as your neckline demands. \$6; matching nude bikini, \$4. By Formfit Rogers, of nylon. At Arnold Constable; I. Magnin. . . . **12.** An underwired bra with a bit of padding for a bit more cleavage. By Olga. Bra of Dacron; nylon-and-Lycra back. \$9; bikini of Antron III, nylon, and cotton. \$2.50. Late September at Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. . . . **13.** A slip-on mocha bra with enough support for even the woman who usually wears an underwired bra; has wider straps so it doesn't pull. By Maidenform, of Qiana nylon. \$5. Bikini, \$4. Early September at Altman's; Bullock's. . . . **14.** One of the most useful little bras you can find—converts from halter to shoulder straps; no seams, low in back, and very soft and pretty besides. By Warner's, of Antron nylon and Lycra. \$5. Bikini, \$3. At Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus. Coifs, both pages, by François of Kenneth. All accessories, next to last page.

# UNDER THE FASHION





## DAY AND NIGHT:

How accessories make a good look great, left. With Halston's buttery Ultrasuède shirtdress: two ribby red cashmere sweaters—inside and out—and his double-buckled narrow belt. . . . Plus a narrow, narrow-strapped watch and golden bangles—on the same wrist . . . small golden balls at the ear. Classic, uncluttered—a great look because all the details make more of it without running away. Dress, of polyester and polyurethane (Springs Mills fabric), about \$180. Cardigan, about \$80, and pull, about \$60, early September. Belt, about \$25. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Trifari earrings, \$4, Altman's. Universal Geneve watch, \$150, Bloomingdale's. Accessocraft bracelets, \$4.50 each, Bloomingdale's. Stockings, Bergdorf Goodman. Hair, makeup: Franklyn Welsh.



THE NARROW BELT,  
THE NARROW WATCH  
MIXED WITH BANGLES,  
PEARLS, WOODEN BEADS,  
TORTOISE, CRYSTAL.  
EVERYTHING WARM AND  
NATURAL... TEXTURES  
YOU WANT TO TOUCH



# the new accessories

... 1. The narrow belt—curry lizard grain against ribby sweater, tweed skirt—Yves Saint Laurent. About \$15, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Suède-and-leather clutch bag from Gucci. ... 2. Narrow brown suède leash looped twice around heathery knit. Ben King-Midtown Belts. About \$34, at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Kay Fuchs grey angora glove, about \$8 the pair, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Enamel ring, \$5, and bone rings, \$2.50 each, at Art Asia, seen through Riviera's amber glasses. All on one wrist: narrow-strapped narrow watch by Universal Geneve ... sterling silver links by Pierre Cardin for Lucien Piccard, \$50 at Bloomingdale's ... and a sterling band by Puig Doria for Barcelona Designs. ... 3. At night, fake crystal and tortoise necklaces—belted around an ankle-length angora sweater—by Trifari. Crystal-y one, about \$6; tortoise-and-crystal-y one, about \$7.50, Bloom-

ingdale's. Tortoise-and-crystal-y bangle by K.J.L., about \$35, at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Gold-and-tortoise ring by Arlene Seitchik. ... 4. Metals mix by night—on a gold Lurex sweater, a silvery snake-chain with a golden clasp by Morris Moskowitz. About \$12 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Silvery and golden lightning-bolt bangles by Michael Moraux for Dubaux; each about \$10, at Henri Bendel; Lou Lattimore. And a beautiful little vermeil-and-silver minaudiere from Cartier. Tempo gold ring. ... 5. What's going on at the neck? Three strands of warm brown beads—real tortoise, wood, plastic amber—with a muffle of cashmere, sou'westery hat checks. Tortoise beads by Anchor Casting, \$120, at Henri Bendel. Others by Yves Saint Laurent—wooden, about \$10; amber-like, about \$12. At Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Handcraft scarf, about \$15, at Bergdorf Goodman. Mr. Martin hat, \$13,

at Gimbels, N.Y.; Wanamaker's, Phila. ...

6. Grey ombré pearls for day—unreal but really super looped over a shirt and sweater in the same pales. All by Kenneth Jay Lane for Marvella—from top: \$10, \$15, \$12.50. At Bloomingdale's; Higbee's. Mr. Martin hat, \$13 at Gimbels, N.Y.; Wanamaker's, Phila. ... 7. Making the most of a midnight satin halter and headwrap—ear-sparklers and smooth pearly ropes chunked with crystal-y rocks. Headwrap, a scarf by Doro, about \$8.50 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Eisenberg Ice earrings, at Henri Bendel. Lacavera for Moda Romana necklace, about \$30 at Lord & Taylor; Marie Leavell. Coifs, this page: William of Kenneth. Fashion details, next to last page.



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One way we see night, far right, opposite: through big amber glasses. With a fuzzy mohair cap pulled low . . . ruby mouth . . . long Lurex scarf and flat silvery links filling in the neckline of a black-dyed broadtail jacket—all very dashing and glamorous. Riviera glasses. Cap by Irving Paul for Capadors, \$8, Gimbel's, N.Y. Scarf by Echo, at Lord & Taylor, B. Forman. Monet chain, \$10, Bloomingdale's. On her lips: Max Factor's Geminisse Moisturizing Lipstick in Cherry Punch. . . . 1. Natural together—the narrow-faced narrow-strapped watch with a narrow, smooth silver bangle. Smooth and simple with a mix-pattern, dolman-sleeve sweater. Universal Geneve watch, about \$150, Bloomingdale's. Bangle, by Jean François Carrière. Enamelled silver rings by Art Asia, each

\$4. . . . 2. With a sweater and tattersall shirt and middy-tied tattersall scarf—Lacavera's nifty leather wristband for Moda Romana (\$15, Henri Bendel), Accessocraft's gilded bangle (\$2.50, Macy's). For great visual effects: sunglasses by Bernard Kayman Ltd. . . . 3. Soft, shiny black satin around the neck, silky black fox muff, and pearly bangles around the wrist—wonderful look with a long bare dress at night. Emily Wetherby scarf, \$13, Saks Fifth Avenue. Maximilian muff. Bangles by Lacavera for Moda Romana, \$30; \$6, Henri Bendel. . . . 4. The middy-scarfed shirt at night—creamy satin with mock tortoise and pearls. Lacavera for Moda Romana earrings (\$10), bangle (\$15), and necklace wrapped as a bracelet (\$20). All, Lord & Taylor. . . . 5. The soft, flat envelope bag is news—this supple russet suede, by Carrano. About \$35. Ivory ribbed gloves by Brosseau, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . 6. The envelope

bag in stitched black leather, from Bloomingdale's, about \$25. Red glasses: Riviera. Christopher Walling oval bloodstone ring, \$35, Henri Bendel. Handcraft foulard scarf, \$10, Henri Bendel. Grandoe gloves, \$10, Lord & Taylor. . . . 7. Super with black at night—Halston's soft white kid envelope, deep green and red twist bangles by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Bag, about \$75. Bangles, each about \$17, Bloomingdale's. . . . 8. The black satin envelope for evening—basic . . . and a natural with ivory satin, K.J.L.'s fake diamond-linked crystal bracelet, big mock diamond-and-crystal ring by Charles Elkaim. Bagatelle bag, \$25, Henri Bendel. Bracelet, about \$50, Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The ring, \$7, at Henri Bendel. All coiffures by William of Kenneth. Fashion details for both of these pages are on the next to the last page of this issue.

# the new accessories





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FASHION ESSENTIALS:  
SOFT TIES, MUFFLERS  
...SHINY AT NIGHT.  
FLAT CHAINS, BIG  
SPECS. THE BAG  
OF THE YEAR—THE  
SOFT, FLAT ENVELOPE  
**NIGHT  
AND DAY**

BOB STONE





# EXERCISE

## the right one for you

Five experts, five plans—some hard, some easy, some with gadgets, some without. The point is, nobody has to be lectured on the value of exercise; we need it. But if you've ever been an exercise-class dropout, you know that not everyone needs—or wants—the same kind of exercise. What's right for you depends on your health, skill, temperament, your likes and dislikes. Be choosy. With the variety of plans on these two pages alone, it's impossible not to find one you can get with and stick with.... Three things our experts do have in common: all are in New York; classes are small—two to eight; and their single goal is to make you look and feel great.

**1. Pilates Gym** is where you go to really shake up circulation. Machinery is the star here—ingenious devices involving push-out springs, pulleys, sliding blocks (sketched, the “Cadillac”), and a workout on these is a vigorous, strictly controlled business performed against the resistance of the springs. You also work on floor mats—same principle, no springs; the push is against the resistance of your body. Either way, what you get, according to Romana Kryzanowska, who runs Pilates, is exercise “that reaches deep into the muscles like massage, working first in one direction, then the other. After 10 sessions, you know you're different; after 30, you and everyone who knows you will see the difference.”

**2. Frank Wagner of Body Works** knows all the muscles and all their secrets—which collect tension, which “go” first (inner thigh and

**THIS STRETCHING AND HANGING—WONDERFUL FOR CONTROL, BALANCE, CIRCULATION”** Romana Kryzanowska, Pilates Gym

**i**F YOU CAN ISOLATE INDIVIDUAL AREAS OF THE BODY, YOU CAN CONTROL INDIVIDUAL PROBLEMS FROM SHOULDER TENSION TO FLABBY THIGHS” Frank Wagner, Body Works

under the buttocks are among the earliest droopers)—and holds out hope to all. His method, evolved from dance techniques, is called Isolations and addresses itself to each and every area of the body and the muscles contained therein. As with an orchestra, each area is rehearsed separately and in combinations—the better the individual performance, the better the whole. . . . Finger-snapping the tempo, the maestro picks his way among the bright-yellow exercise rugs, poking a buttock here (“tuck, tuck, tuck harder”), a diaphragm there (“pull in—sharp—like an explosion”). Results are measured in inches, not



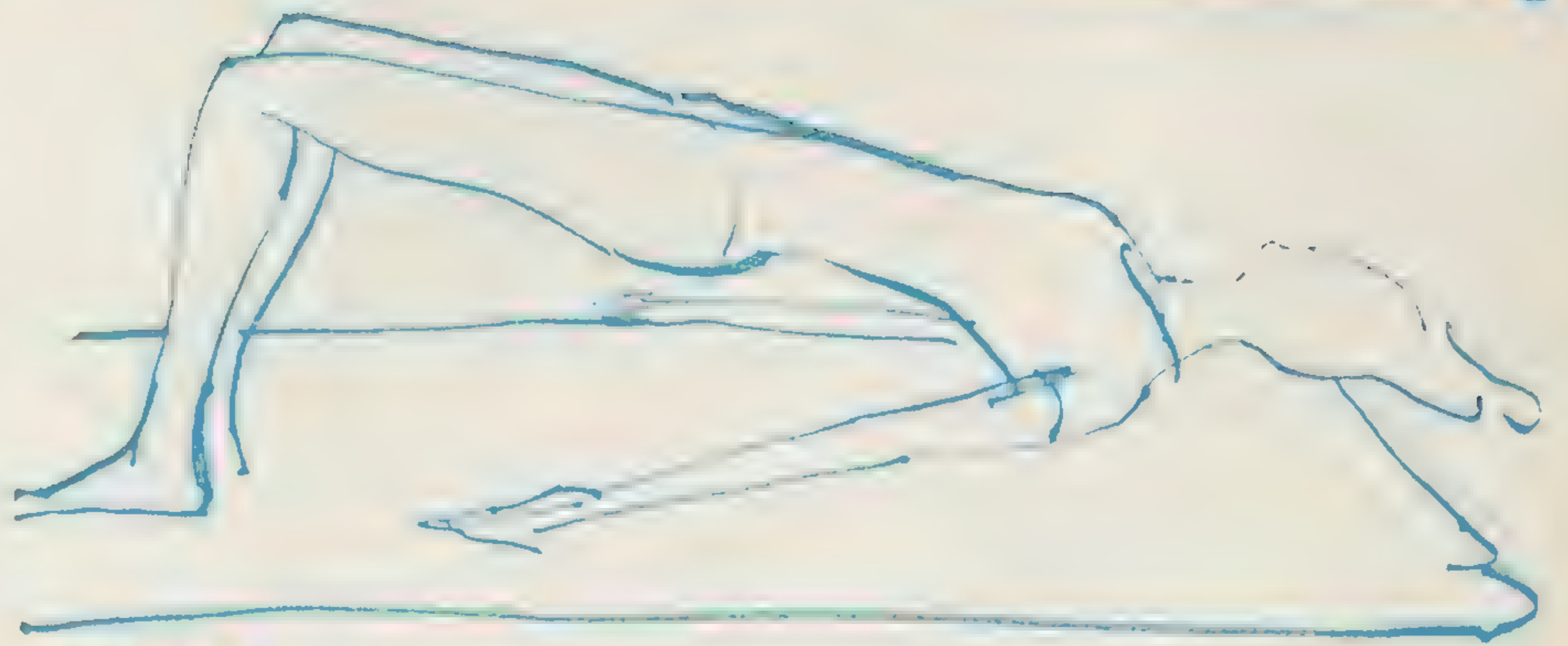


pounds. "Weight loss is diet, but we can firm and tone as weight goes."

3. Exercise at Elizabeth Arden is Marjorie Craig and to Miss Craig, exercise is not oompah-pah gymnastics. Her program is low-key, systematic, touches all bases (not even facial muscles go unattended). . . . To avoid strain on muscles and vital organs—"you should feel better after exercise, not worse"—most work is on floor mats. Posture work, too ("to learn to stand properly, you start by toning muscles on the floor"). . . . No elaborate equipment here—bar weights and Arden-pink towels for some of the stretches—nothing you couldn't duplicate at home. It's expected you will: "Even after you're in shape, you must exercise a half-hour a day. You eat, bathe . . . taking care of your muscles should be just as routine."

4. Nicholas Kounovsky, tsar of the parallel bars, rings, ladders, trapezes (and inventor of the Nak-Bar, right), has converted legions to the belief that "fitness should be a pleasure of living, not a chore or a bore . . . we were born physical, you can't change that." What he'd like to change—improve—develop—are what he calls the six vital factors: endurance, suppleness, balance, strength, speed, coordination. All are dealt with in his "sixometric" exercises, some using the gym props, some not. But "everybody does everything, then you can work on your special weakness . . . legs, abdomen, tension spots. Inverted hanging is good for tension; loosens the vertebrae, aids circulation. An interesting exercise."

5. The calm at Manya Kahn takes over the instant you enter her townhouse studio. In this sea of deep carpets, you'll hear no loud noises, see no quick, jerky motions. Body Rhythms are the thing here—"corrective movements with a specific purpose: to strengthen muscle tone, perfect posture, redistribute inches so the lines of the body are normal." . . . Following warm-ups on a slant board come five routines, each with a basic position: lying, sitting, half-reclining, kneeling, standing. Done in a slow, continuous sequence, it all rather resembles a Balinese temple dance . . . it even feels attractive.

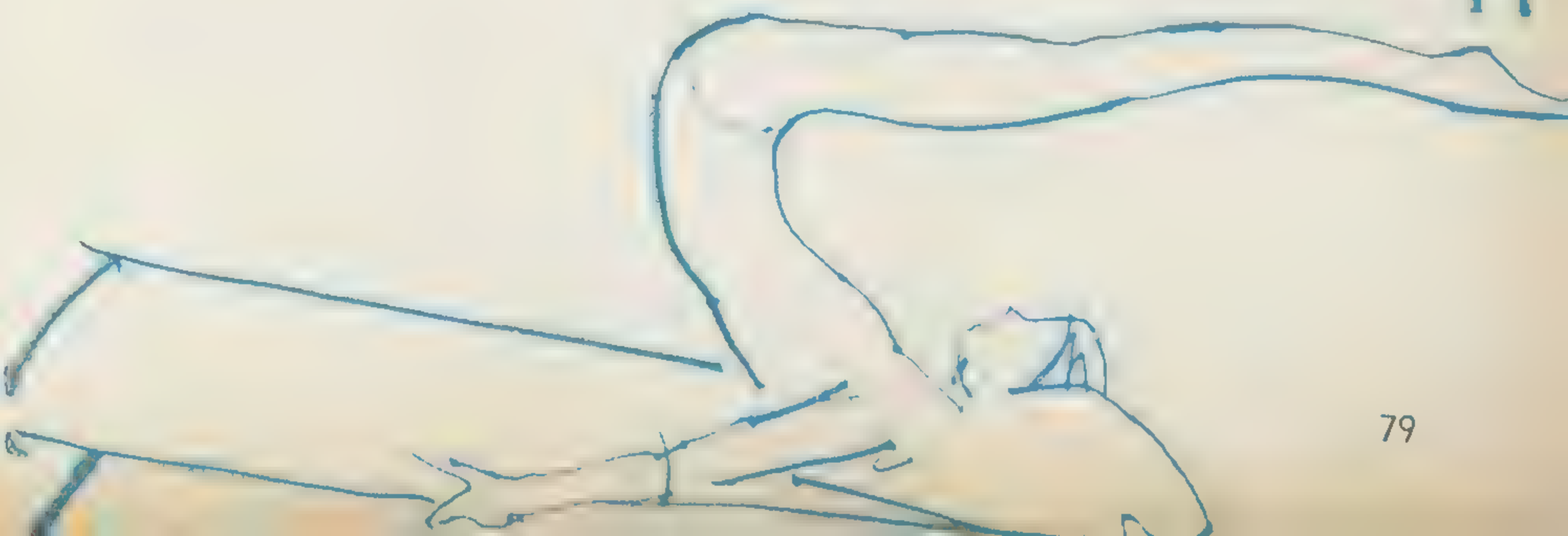


**W**E NEVER FORCE  
A MOVEMENT BEYOND  
WHERE THE MUSCLES CAN GO"  
Marjorie Craig, Elizabeth Arden



**Y**OU CAN RELAX BY  
HANGING UPSIDE  
DOWN—ALL DAY YOU'RE  
COMPRESSED" Nicholas Kounovsky

**E**VERYTHING HERE  
IS DONE SLOWLY.  
IT'S A STRETCH—BREATHE—  
RELAX TECHNIQUE" Manya Kahn





# HEALTH... health foods...

## ***"A majority of Americans are 'misnourished' rather than malnourished."***

This description of nutrition in our country comes from Dr. Sami A. Hashim, director of the Laboratory for Nutrition and Metabolism at St. Luke's Hospital and on the staff of the Institute of Human Nutrition at Columbia University in New York.

Our environment presents us with a contradictory set of conditions. On one hand, most of us live in a mechanized, urbanized society in which the demands and opportunities for physical activities diminish. On the other hand, we are constantly tempted by foods with too much animal fat, too much salt, and too much sugar. Instead of plowing, hoeing, and weeding, or chasing the chickens back into the coop, we sit in front of television sets watching slim actresses effortlessly produce fattening, luscious cakes out of cardboard boxes. Little exercise plus the ready availability of food high in calories and saturated fats result in America's number one health problem: obesity, which, in turn, is associated with diabetes, high blood pressure, and heart disease.

Dr. Hashim's concern is that too much of the layman's interest in nutrition is entirely misdirected. "We spend an inordinate amount of time discussing so-called 'health foods,' without really considering what kind of food is good for us and what is not," he said. "For one thing, our vocabulary is imprecise. What do we mean by 'organic food,' for instance? The technical definition of 'organic' is 'a substance containing carbon atoms.' All foods containing calories also contain carbon; technically, all food is organic.

"We talk a great deal about 'natural' food and in some ways equate 'natural' with 'healthy.' Butter is probably more 'natural' than margarine; but butter contains saturated fat and cholesterol, and margarine can be manufactured with polyunsaturated fats. Therefore, margarine is healthier for most people . . . even though it's not a 'nature' food. A health-store pickle may have been grown in a garden with no chemical fertilizer or sprays, but it's not these chemicals that hurt; it's the fact that the pickle is heavily salted. Too much sodium is dangerous to someone with high blood pressure. Prunes, 'organically grown' or not, are usually full of sugar and high in calories. Anyone watching weight would be better off with a fresh plum. The real difference between so-called organically grown fruits and vegetables and the supermarket variety is that something grown in naturally rich soil and allowed to ripen on the vine usually tastes better. It may well cost more."

Some *true* health foods don't yet exist. "Anyone who could breed cattle so that steaks are still tender and delicious without being heavily marbled with fat would be doing humanity a great favor," Dr. Hashim said. "Perhaps someone could find a substitute for cream that does not contain hydrogenated oils full of cholesterol. Certain foods that taste especially good are bad for us. If someone could find acceptable substitutes to take the harmful ingredients out of the food without altering the good taste, we might nominate him or her for the Nobel Prize."

## ***The causes and possible cure of obesity may depend on "eating cues."***

Early in the work by Dr. Hashim and his colleagues with chronically overweight men and women, they found that these patients respond to a different set of "eating cues" than individuals of normal weight. The normal or underweight patient eats when his stomach muscles contract from hunger . . . an "internal cue." The overweight patient eats when he is stimulated by a picture of food, when he smells steak on the broiler or bread in the oven, when he is presented with delicious and fattening foods at a party . . . "external cues."

Fat people get fatter because they regard eating as a sensuous experience and a social occasion. Most thin people see food mainly as a means of satisfying hunger. In order to observe this theory in practice, Dr. Hashim and his colleagues have installed a new device at St. Luke's Hospital: the eating machine.

The eating machine dispenses a bland, nourishing liquid formula diet with an unvarying taste and no texture. It satisfies all nutritional requirements, but produces no enjoyable taste sensation. Patients can use the machine as often as they wish . . . but they get no other food. This represents eating at its most elementary level: taking nourishment to keep alive and well, with no particular pleasure and no social connotations.

Dr. Hashim's normal-weight patients using the eating machine continue to consume about 2,400 calories per day . . . and maintain their normal weight. On the other hand, his obese patients cut their food intake drastically, sometimes to as little as 500 calories per day. Of course, they lose weight rapidly. Thin people, the results suggest, eat when they are hungry, fat people eat when they expect to get enjoyment out of the act. The problem is, of course, that external cues can only be removed effectively in a hospital setting. To retrain an obese person to tune in on his internal cues (hunger) rather than external ones (potential pleasure) is a complicated process involving nutritionists, specialists in internal medicine, psychologists, psychiatrists, and chemists.

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## ***Is yogurt the health-food medicine for intestinal upsets?***

Adelle Davis (one of this country's best-known, though controversial, nutritionists) has suggested a new use for yogurt—an excellent source of protein, calcium, and B vitamins—as a possible precaution against dysentery.

She suggests that eating two cups of yogurt a day for two weeks before traveling may prevent a nasty bout with this unpleasant illness. Reason: the valuable yogurt bacteria, if heavily implanted in the intestines, will discourage the growth of other, harmful organisms. Now that so-called intestinal prophylactics, such as Entero-Vioform, are being found possibly harmful by many specialists in tropical diseases, yogurt may offer a valuable alternative.

Miss Davis maintains that yogurt is safe everywhere because



Can yogurt help? Soul food harm? TV add pounds?  
Can man-made food be healthier than  
nature's? Here, a wrap-up of new truths and myths.

BY  
ELLEN SWITZER

# NUTRITION

of its power to destroy pathogenic organisms in milk from which it is made. Some tropical disease experts including Dr. Kevin Cahill, consultant on tropical diseases to the United States government and the United Nations Public Health Services, don't give the substance such a universally clean bill of health. Dr. Cahill warns that contaminated milk can turn easily into contaminated yogurt. In any case, safe yogurt is available almost everywhere in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

If the milk supply is suspect, it's always possible to obtain yogurt tablets (which have the same intestinal effect as yogurt) to take along on a trip in any health-food store in the United States. Miss Davis recommends taking two or three of these tablets per day, if one doesn't care for yogurt or for its possible risks.

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## ***Soul food may be a cause of high blood pressure.***

Dr. Elijah Saunders, a cardiologist at the University of Maryland who works in an inner-city hospital in Baltimore, maintains that the high sodium content in "soul food" bears a direct relationship to the frighteningly high incidence of hypertension (high blood pressure) in the black community: "black Americans suffer from high blood pressure rates fifteen times as frequently as white Americans." Genetic factors are probably involved, as is the amount and kind of stress black men and women experience, but Dr. Saunders feels that not enough consideration has been given to the difference in diet between black and white families. "Soul food, in order to be properly tasty, usually contains huge amounts of salt and other sodium products," he said. Since soul food has been taken up with almost as much enthusiasm as health foods, his findings matter to everyone.

Pickles, pig's feet, salt pork, chili con carne, all kinds of sausages, biscuits, corn bread are naturally loaded with sodium. Other foods containing in their natural state little sodium (such as greens and okra) are prepared with salt or salt pork to give them that "soul" taste.

That a high-sodium diet may contribute to hypertension is underlined by two studies made in Japan. The first measured the overall incidence of this condition among the Japanese. Conventional medical wisdom holds that the incidence of heart disease due to arteriosclerosis in Japan is low, since the Japanese diet is low in cholesterol. But the incidence of high blood pressure among the Japanese population is even higher than among black Americans. The Japanese diet has one major factor in common with the soul food diet: high sodium content.

Although all Japanese tend to eat a great deal of sodium-rich food, the sodium content of the average meal in northern Japan is much higher than that in southern Japan, and so is the incidence of hypertension, the second study disclosed. When Japanese natives move to the United States as small children and eat the normal American diet, they tend to become less prone to hypertension.

But, like white Americans, they develop a tendency towards the kind of heart disease associated with a high-cholesterol diet.

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## ***Recharge the exhausted body at frequent intervals***

to "cope with the accelerated rhythms of urban industrial living," said one of Russia's outstanding nutritionists, Dr. Konstantin Petrovsky, chairman of the Nutrition Department of the First Moscow Medical Institute. He suggests four or five meals per day, rather than the traditional three: a high-protein breakfast, with meat or fish; lighter than usual meals at lunch and dinner; and two small-meal periods, one at bedtime. He strongly advises against coffee or tea for two hours before retiring "to give the nervous system a chance to relax." Instead of the Russian traditional glass of pre-bedtime tea, he recommends orange juice.

He advises, in addition, a switch from butter to margarine, because, apparently, Russians as well as Americans are beginning to suffer from the kind of heart disease generally associated with a high-cholesterol diet.

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## ***Your blood sugar may stay in balance with five meals a day.***

American nutrition experts, agreeing with the Russian Dr. Konstantin Petrovsky, point out that patients with diabetes (involving high blood sugar) or hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) are often told by their physicians to consider five or more small meals per day. Of course, they warn that the five meals should not add up to an increase in calories. They, too, push the high-protein breakfast, and as for sleep problems: "Most of my patients realize that coffee contains caffeine, a stimulant," one physician said. "Few know that tea has caffeine, too."

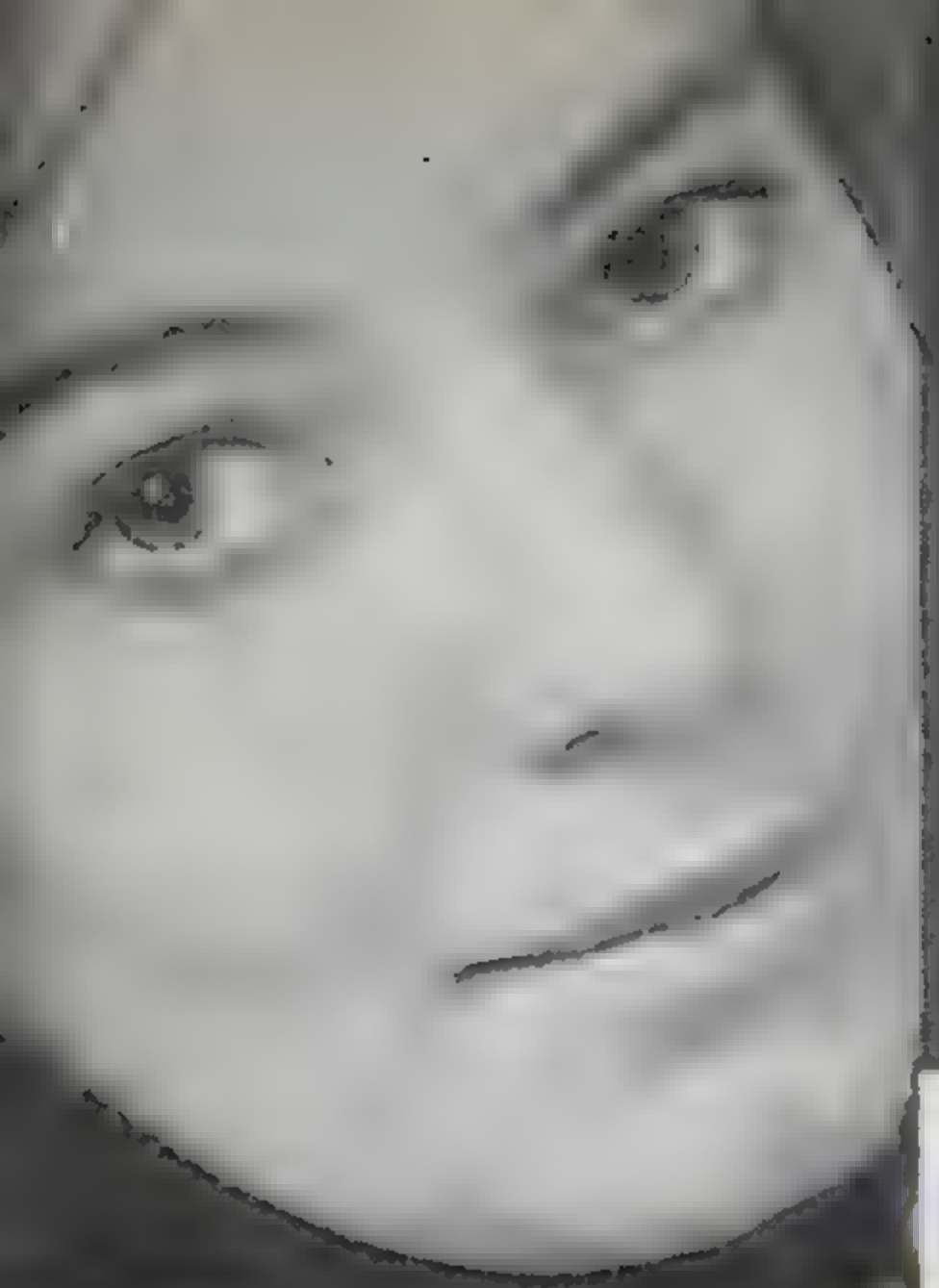
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## ***The Vitamin E cult among health-foodists rolls on.***

Several recent paperback books ascribe almost miraculous powers to the vitamin: it is supposed to prevent heart disease and acne, cure frigidity and impotence, speed the healing of burns, and retard the ravages of old age. In health-food and drug stores throughout the country, sales of vitamin E have soared 500 percent in the past few months.

Nutrition experts we interviewed unanimously said that vitamin E cultists had very little research to back up their claims. Little is known about the function of this vitamin in the body. It is naturally present in vegetables, fresh fruit, and some oils. Even when these foods are eliminated from the diet, the level of the vitamin drops very slowly in the human body. (Continued on page 93)

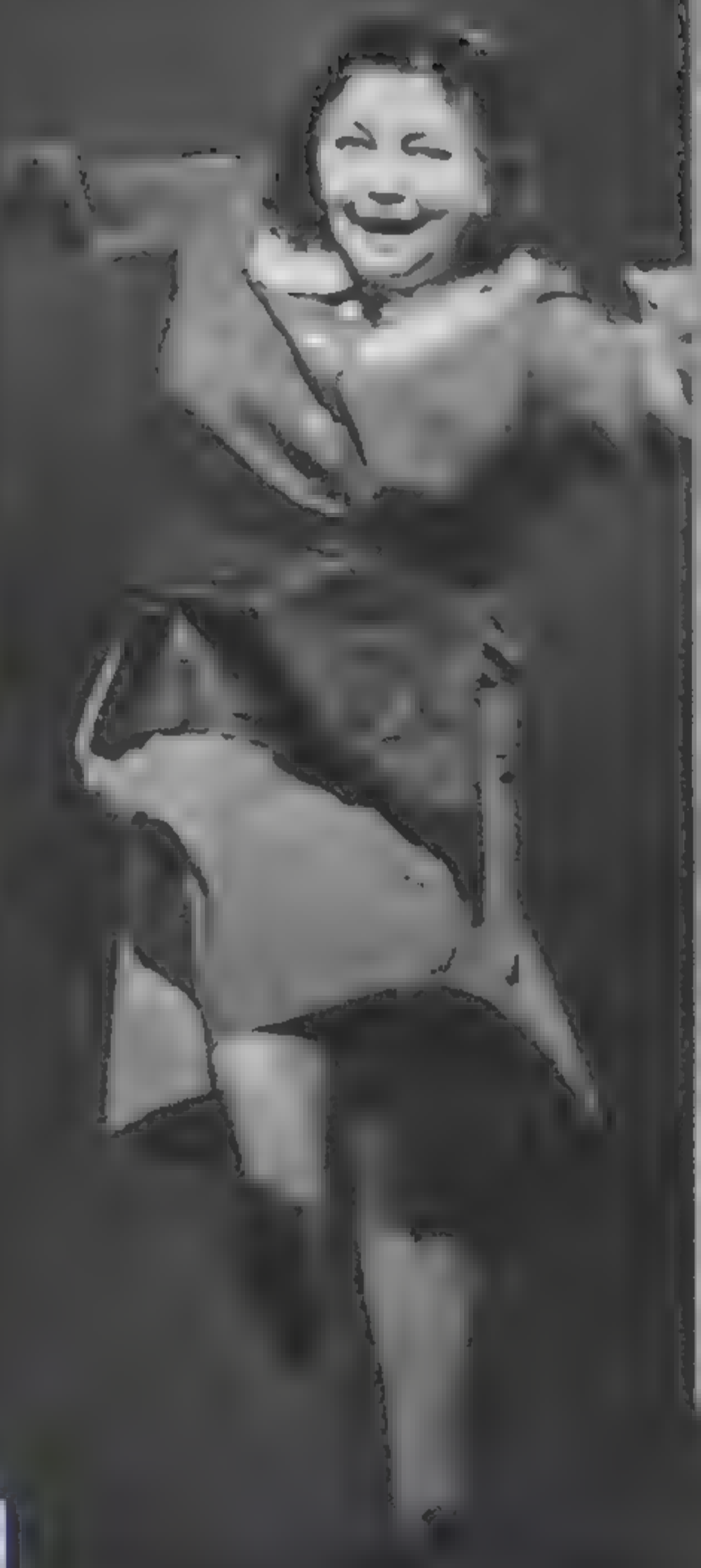




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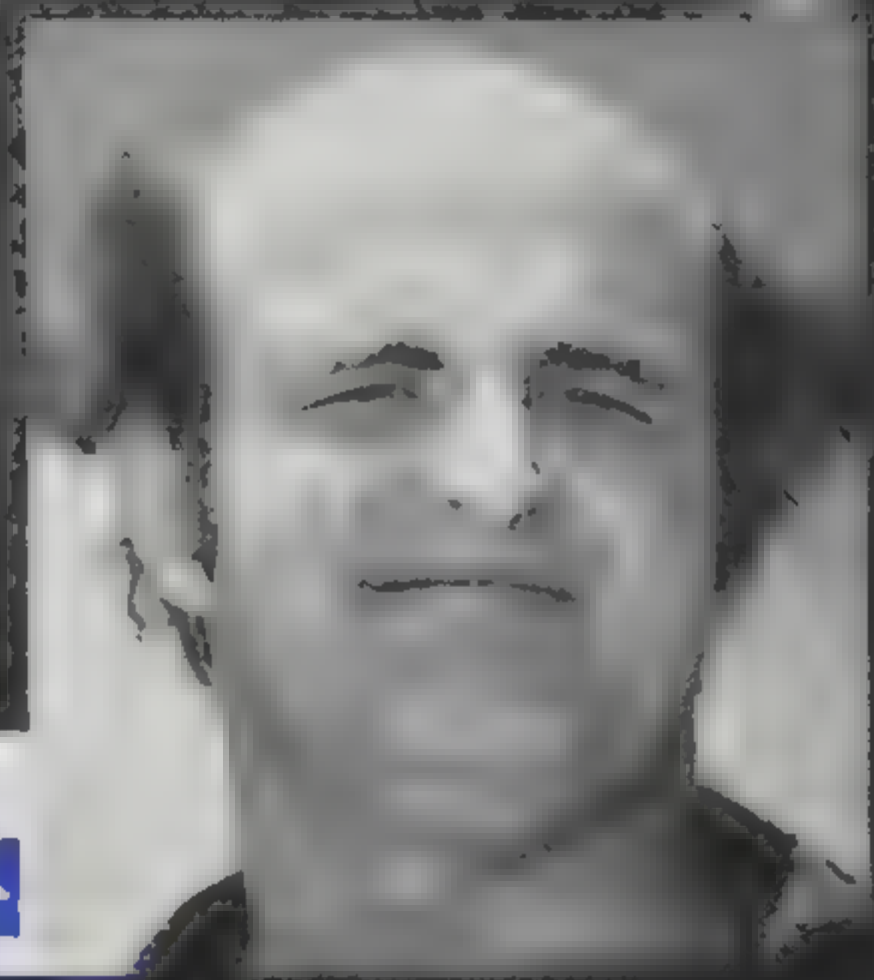


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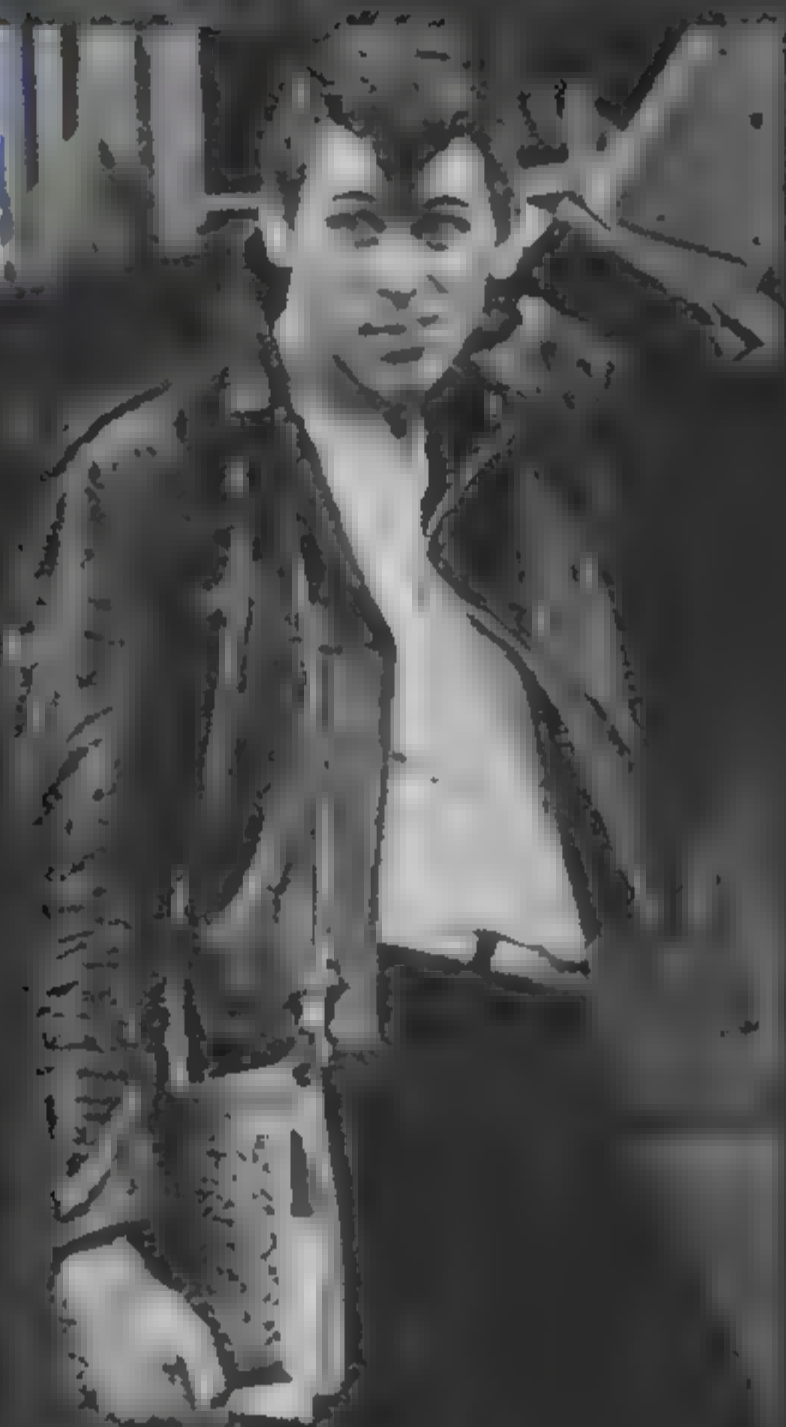


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# ★STAR-TIME STOCK COMPANY★

Vogue's own we-would-love-to-see stage/screen troupe, and our dream roles for them

**OUR LEADING LADIES** "The Panic in Needle Park"'s, Stacy Keach's Ophelia, **Kitty Winn (1)**: junkies to St. Joan. ★ "Two Gentlemen of Verona"'s, "Come Back Charleston Blue"'s **Jonelle Allen (9)**: anything Streisand can do, plus Lena. ★ "Sugar"'s **Elaine Joyce (11)**: Jean Harlow, Marilyn Monroe, Judy Holliday parts. ★ "Fat City"'s **Susan Tyrrell (13)**, "she looks as if she's been through hard times, but she's survived" (Courtesy of a Friend): early Bette Davis; it's "Human Bondage" time for Susan. ★ **MALE LEADS** Yate's Caligula, "The Happiness Cage"'s **Chris Walken (7)**: we have a young Olivier? ★ TV's **Dick Cavett (5)**, Star-Time's all-Nebraska, sunshine kid, lover-boy: quiet, intellectual, native-wit, slow-wolfin types. ★ **HIGHEST LOW COMEDIAN** "No, No, Nanette"'s **Patsy Kelly (4)**: the Marie Dressler repertoire. ★ **HEAVIES** "The Candidate"'s **Peter Boyle (10)**: flics, flacks, menaces, victims, nihilists, Lon Chaney capers, nasties. ★ Vanguard Theater's **Julie Bovasso (3)**: prodigious Moms, also she can playwright for Star-Time (she has for Café La Mama, Women's Theater Council). ★ "Grease"'s **Barry Bostwick (8)**: young villains, toughies, corner sexies, nice American hoodlums. ★ **UTILITY** Supermodel **Naomi Sims (6)**: obvious casting, duper-showgirl, which means she'll steal the show; she will also write it. (Must use her pure-joy laughter.) ★ **MOVEMENT, DANCE** Contemporary choreographer, dancer **Lar Lubovitch (12)**: he, his fifteen-member ensemble soon to nationwide tour: passionate, lyrical, funny parts. ★ **PRODUCER, DIRECTOR** "Fiddler"'s, "Company"'s, "Follies"'s **Harold Prince (2)**: what he did for his seven Tony Award winners, will do for upcoming "Smiles of a Summer Night." ★ - BY LEO LERMAN





# YOUR TIME

*nine nonstop American women tell how to make the most of it*

**BY PHYLLIS LEE LEVIN**



**Mrs. George McGovern**

wife of the Senator and Democratic Candidate for President of the United States

"What a lovely thing to have a day of my own when I can say these hours are all mine. When my husband was a Representative, I spent a lot of time transporting my family back and forth from Washington to South Dakota, settling them in, switching schools, all of that. When he became Senator and was assured a six-year term, I decided I would be freer with not so much going back and forth. And I thought I'd give up some clubs and do more of what I really wanted to do.

"Talking to the children comes first, of course. But I love to read and you'll find a stack of books by my reading chair all the time. I read deeply in various fields, various periods. One time it will be all I can lay my hands on about archaeology. Now it's child development and I don't hesitate to leave the dishes in the sink all day if I'm reading.

"For pure therapy I enjoy gardening immensely. I spend very little time on my hair. I have it frosted three or four times a year at the hairdresser's and the rest I take care of at home.

"One thing I do—practically the only self-discipline I can claim—is five minutes of exercises before I go to bed. As you see, I haven't really thought about time. I've been so busy as a wife and mother of five children. I don't think I've sacrificed anything. I only know I haven't enough time and I wish I had more."



**Joan Crawford**

actress; member, Board of Directors, PepsiCo Inc.

"I keep three clocks on my desk, I work by a schedule, and I do without a social life. I traveled 400,000 miles in the last eighteen months, opening manufacturing plants, visiting bottlers'

homes, sitting on daises, attending press conferences. I'm trained really to use my time. It's all those years in the movie business getting up at quarter to four and quarter to five that make time so precious. Why, when I have my teeth cleaned at the dentist's, I take my knitting along so I don't waste time and I read and often dictate when I lie on the slant board.

"I'm an early-morning person and I think Anita Loos is practically the only other person I can telephone at 7:30 in the morning. I never go out to the hairdresser's and I never shop for clothes. Three Japanese girls on the West Coast have a dressmaker's dummy of my figure and I just send out materials to be made up.

"I don't even take time out at Christmas for my family. I spend it alone. I always say I brought my children up to live their own lives. I open up presents by myself, but I take a full week to do so. I'm not greedy. I'm like a gourmet, tasting a little at a time of the lovely things.

"I practically never not work, but I find cooking therapy—boiled beef is one of my specialties. Another great break: my German maid and I play gin rummy for an hour. That's fun."



**Barbara Walters**

television commentator

"Sometimes I wish I could stay up all night and read a trashy novel, or do small, everyday things. My life revolves psychologically around the time I must get up in the mornings, 5:00 A.M.—I never get used to it. I do the *Today* program every morning, and once a week from 9:00 A.M. to 2:15 P.M. I tape five shows for *Not For Women Only*.

"I've learned from television the value of seconds: thirty for a commercial, ninety for a film. In spite of this I'm always late to personal appointments. Every busy woman is a list-maker. When I've written things down to do, I feel as though I've already done them. Still, there are days I think I can't get through. There's just too much and I feel all piled up and

panicky. Then I try to switch one appointment and the breath of one hour gives me relief.

"My child is a priority. She's four years old. Every age needs a mother. I've been told that it's the quality not the quantity of time that counts with children, but you can't have a great quality if there isn't quantity. I try to make extra times for us. We even take a bath together sometimes. I take my child to airports and on the way she sees something that pleases her, a cow, or whatever. I do *not* take her shopping or to the hairdresser's, for she would enjoy neither. I don't nap before dinner, for that's another time for Jacqueline and me.

"They say if you are a busy woman you need a husband who is understanding. But you need more. You need a busy, involved husband or your husband resents you. My husband is not only busy but has to travel, and that helps.

"I have a young Frenchwoman we call Zelle who takes care of my child, loves her, and I marvel at her understanding of all of us. And there's a lovely Jamaican lady, Icodel, who is our housekeeper. They cope with our times and don't mind when we're late. It's a most informal household when it comes to meal planning, and we do very little entertaining. When you work, you give up things.

"My idea of a holiday? Well, after I'd gone straight from China to the New Hampshire primaries, I had two days off. I spent one day in my closets and it was just like gardening. The next day Jacqueline and I had lunch together and we went to *Pinocchio* and then to the merry-go-round. Sometimes I think it would be wonderful to wake up each morning with nothing to do. Then again, I think having nothing to do would be wonderful about once a month."



**Mrs. Hubert H. Humphrey**

wife of the Senator and former Vice-President

"A normal day. I'm wondering if there is one.

"Whether I'm campaigning or not I do try to eat correctly. Campaign meals tend to be



# YOUR MONEY

*you've got it—have you the time to spend it?*

BY SCOTT BURNS

sketchy. I believe in a good breakfast of eggs and bacon and I do take vitamin pills and so does my husband. I do five or six minutes' worth of exercises after breakfast to perk up, to get the blood flowing. I love to swim, but during the primaries in Florida I got to go in the water exactly once.

"I try to make the kind of visits I like in order to keep up with what people are doing for the handicapped, what they are doing about education. I work on my speeches. I hate to give pat speeches; and when I talk about the retarded, I tell of my own experience with my granddaughter.

"I've spent a good bit of time resettling in the last years, remodeling the house on the Macalester College campus. Still, I do try to make my own time. I sew, and I have material for a skirt I'm laying out just now. And I do needlepoint to my own design. I love it. I'm making a rug (24" x 26") for one of my granddaughters, copying six little zoo animals out of a children's coloring book. I try, over all, to balance things out as best I can.

"It's most important to look fresh, with it, to take time to pack carefully, to think about clothes. This business is never far from your mind. Even when I'm sewing I think, will this material wrinkle when I'm traveling?"



**Nancy Hanks**

chairman National  
Endowment for the Arts

"I'm a morning person. I wake at six without an alarm, no problem, and after lots of coffee and whatever is available—it could be a hot dog—I do my paper work. Because my office day is full of meetings, the morning is the best time to get my work done, although sometimes I work at home in the evenings as well. At times, I think I have the luckiest job in the world: my personal life is a continuation of my professional life, so going to theater, concerts, openings, art exhibits is my pleasure as well as my business; and I can't think of any- (Continued on page 100)



One of the richest, most respected and well-known men in this country is reputed to spend two and one-half million dollars a year supporting his personal staff—obviously, it is a large one. But the true meaning of this expenditure on service is in what that money provides: time.

Imagine, for instance, never having to look for a parking spot. *Never!* Or what it is like to be almost sixty years old and never to have been inside a clothing or department store. (They come to you.) Or never to have packed a suitcase. Or bought a plane ticket. Or waited helplessly on a silent telephone while reserving a hotel room, a dinner table, or rental car. Finally, imagine that you not only avoid having these experiences, you also avoid even *thinking* about them.

At first glance, the difference between his experience in life and that which is more commonly available is an extraordinary sum of money. But the ultimate experiential difference is one of *time*. Affluence has enabled a rising number of Americans to acquire most of the *things* that once were the exclusive province of the very rich. While those who are poor find their choice of experiences limited by a lack of income, those who are affluent—say, with incomes over \$25,000 a year—increasingly find themselves with an overpowering number of choices but little time in which to exercise them. A woman at home often finds that affluence makes her a manager and decision-maker rather than a laborer, but she is no less harried.

Curiously, this dilemma has attracted very little academic attention. "Time is money," one of our oldest homilies, is never considered literally. Although the science of economics is devoted to "studying the allocation of scarce resources," economists insist on regarding time as an unlimited commodity that threatens us with absolutely cancerous expansion in the form of leisure. In fact, time is both finite and scarce. Worse, as we have all noticed, it is absolutely irreplaceable.

While a researcher would have little difficulty in constructing an enormous bibliography on the subject of leisure, this writer has found only one book that deals directly with the economics of time. In *The Harried Leisure Class*, Staffan Linder maintains that if we need time to *produce*, we must also allow time to *consume* and *maintain*. Yet we seldom do; so great restaurants die while fast foods flourish and, unless we stand careful guard, the quality of our experience declines.

As we produce (or earn) more per hour of work, we are "forced" to *consume* more per hour. Since the goods must be acquired, we must also make faster consumer decisions. Finally, many of the things we purchase require *maintenance* by the consumer . . . because no one else will do it.

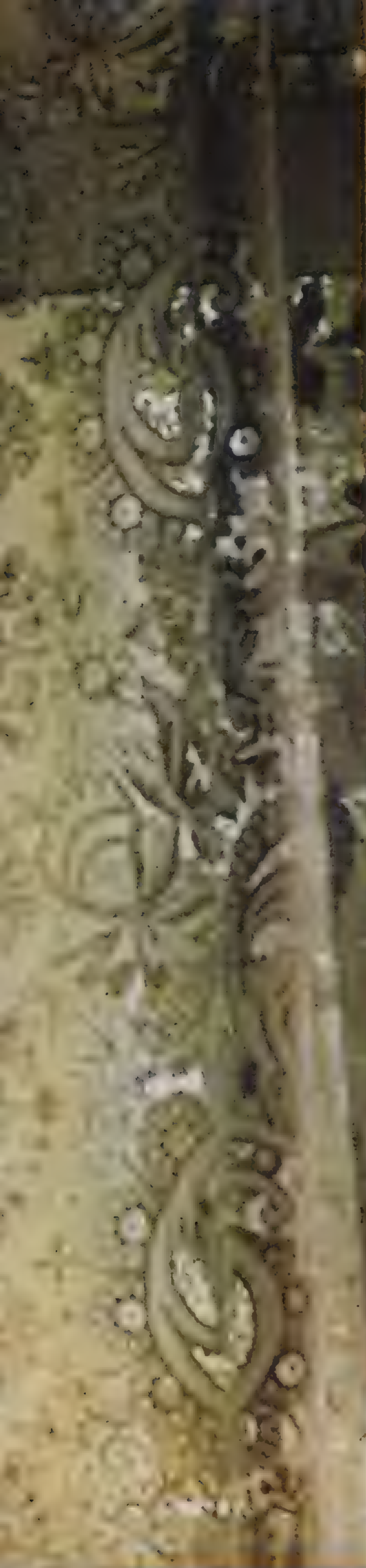
The affluent consumer, then, finds himself in a curious conflict: since he cannot expand his time, he must spend more on each purchase in order to use up his money. So the affluent enjoy what might be called "capital-intensive pleasures." While a poor family buys a television set for \$250 because it will use up more than 2,500 hours a year in viewing time, the affluent family will buy a sailboat for \$2,500 because it will use up only 250 hours a year in sailing time. As our affluence increases, we acquire expensive goods that we use *less and less often*. Yachts, polo ponies, and houses reserved for seasonal games of mah-jongg come to mind at the far extreme.

It isn't difficult to see that the entire process has a rather weird logic and a point of diminishing returns. The effect might be considered the Catch 22 of Industrial Society: affluence has its own *internal limitation*. We can have our cakes . . . but we may not have the time to eat them. ▼









## FOR CONDUCTOR THOMAS SCHIPPERS AND HIS WIFE WORLD H. Q., OHIO

**T**hough the house in Cincinnati is opaquely white and wooden, it might be made of mirrors, so clearly does it reflect the tastes, interests, and personalities of the splendidly talented couple who come back to it from their travels—the tall and towering conductor-about-the-world and music director of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and Nonie, his willowy, multilingual wife. “A completely American house, a peaceful not a pompous house, full of flowers and gay in the rain” was what Mr. and Mrs. Schippers hoped for (Continued on page 98)

Nonie Schippers, *opposite, far left* (carrying a new-born raccoon), wrapped in one of her collection of hand-wrought shawls and, *near left*, in another of the shawls she wears with the ease and distinction of an Indian wearing a sari, photographed through lace-curtained library windows. *Left*: The Schippers eighteen-nineties hilltop house, wonderfully private, its view extended by the contiguous golf course. Above: Thomas Schippers in his study designed in his choice of yellows and white; the old mantel kept at his request; the chair, a favorite brought from New York; Argentine rug, trophy of a conducting tour.





SCHIPPERS H. Q., OHIO







↑  
**Two surprise  
anti-dining-rooms:  
trellised conservatory,  
leaf-shaded porch**

The heart of the house, a neo-Edwardian conservatory, left, flourishing with fresh greens and white and red flowerings; the place for morning coffee and late post-concert suppers of curry or paella, often served in front of winter-burning fires. Right: For summer dinner on the long porch: French wrought-ironworks, blooming with flowery china, Porthault linens—Mr. and Mrs. Schippers at the glass tabletop, upper corner.



Remembered: a room in Paris. Result: the Schippers living room, *below*, papered in flowers, cushioned in textured whites and curtained in sailcloth. Here, Thomas Schippers, *right*, with Nonie, plays piano, often for rehearsals. *Bottom left*: The library, telephoning and card room—bridge is the name of the game. Twelve coats of translucent paint over a grey base equaled the porcelain cobalt blue of a favorite Lowestoft plate. *Opposite page*: Nonie Schippers, greeting her English bird dog, Eboli, through the conservatory window. *Upper corner*: Flowers—framed, on a rug, on sheets—in a guest room lined with French mattress ticking and called "Peg Pot's room" after a welcome visitor, Mrs. Hans Kertess.

**a**lways clear  
clean colors  
and no greyed  
cloudy tones  
anywhere





SCHIPPERS H. Q., OHIO





BY MAXIME MCKENDRY

**ADD CHOPPED FRESH MINT  
TO EGG-SALAD SANDWICHES.**

## OUTDOOR HORS D'OEUVRES

Squeeze a little lemon juice on boned and skinless sardines and wrap each one in a vine leaf for picnic eating. The leaves can be bought in jars or tins in Greek and other special food shops.

## RASPBERRY COCKTAIL, six servings

When you're out sailing, pour this drink straight from a vacuum bottle into plastic glasses:

Soak 1 cup fresh raspberries, slightly mashed, in 1½ cups gin for 2 hours. Strain out berries (save them for ice cream, ashore). Add ¾ cup kirsch, 1½ cups dry white wine. Add crushed ice and pour into vacuum bottle. Put in 6 whole berries; serve 1 in each drink.

## SPEED SHIFT: TRAVELING CARROTS

8 carrots, coarsely grated  
12 mushrooms, sliced  
6 tablespoons finely chopped parsley  
Pepper and salt  
1 small can V-8 juice  
3 tablespoons butter

**At home:** Combine the vegetables and parsley, season, pour into a plastic bag. Chill. Pack (with butter) in insulated picnic bag for travel, along with the juice still in its can.

**On arrival:** Melt butter in a large skillet; add vegetables and V-8 juice. Simmer until carrots are just tender—ten to fifteen minutes.

## SEASON'S CHICKEN FIX

**For juicy cold roast chicken:** When you remove the roasted fowl from the oven, plunge it directly into a bowl of ice water for a few seconds. This instantly seals in the juices. Then allow it to cool, wrap in foil, and refrigerate until needed.

## PORTABLE FETTUCINE

This recipe is adapted from one by Beverly Pepper, an American artist who lives in Rome, shown below with two of her 1969 sculptures. Take this dish along on Friday night, start your country weekend fuss-less-ly.

Six servings:

½ pound ground veal; ½ pound butter  
½ cup red wine; 2 cups tomato sauce  
½ pound frozen peas, thawed  
½ pound mushrooms, sliced; salt, pepper  
¼ pound ham or prosciutto, cut in small pieces  
1 pound fettucine

**At home:** Brown veal in half the butter. Add wine, tomato sauce; bring to boil, simmer 30 minutes. Cook peas, mushrooms, and ham lightly in remaining butter. Add to sauce for last minute of cooking; season. Cool, pour into container, seal. Pack, along with uncooked pasta.

**On arrival:** Boil up 5 quarts of salted water; add pasta and boil until just tender. Drain. Meanwhile gently reheat sauce and pour over drained pasta.



## THE SPREAD

### Anchovy butter

Pound 8 boned anchovies with 1 ounce butter, or use crab meat or the coral and dark creamy part of a lobster. Season with chili vinegar and lemon juice.

### Curry butter

Cream 4-5 ounces butter with 1-2 teaspoons curry powder or dry mustard or both. Add a little chili vinegar, lemon juice, salt, and a sprinkling of Cayenne pepper.

### Green butter

Work 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley, 3-4 pounded boned anchovies, a little lemon juice, pepper and salt into 4-5 ounces butter.

### Herb butter

Finely chop one sprig each of fresh parsley, tarragon or basil, chervil and one small shallot; work into 1 ounce butter. Season with salt, pepper, chopped chives, a dash of grated nutmeg.

### Ham butter

To 1 cup very finely chopped ham add ½ teaspoon prepared mustard, ½ tablespoon butter, ½ teaspoon Cayenne pepper, salt to taste. Simmer in a double boiler 2 hours; chill. Mash in a little more softened butter before using.

## THE SANDWICH

Spread on slices of cracked-wheat or sprouted-wheat bread; add cold roast beef or lamb.

Spread on warmed Syrian bread to flavor minced cooked lamb or veal.

Spread on whole-wheat sandwiches of smoked salmon, red caviar, sardines, tuna, or salmon.

Spread on Italian or French bread, add slices of ham.

Spread on white bread and top with sliced chicken or with sliced turkey.

**FREEZE HOMEMADE LEMONADE  
INTO CHIPS TO TAKE ALONG  
IN AN ICE BUCKET; ADD TO WATER  
OR WINE, SUCK THEM  
WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY AFTER A SWIM.**



## HEALTH FOODS

(Continued from page 81)

## California martini: add vitamin E

Unimpeded by what they apparently consider scientific nit-picking, a number of singles' bars in California now serve martinis with vitamin E capsules on toothpicks, rather than cocktail onions or olives.

Can the right diet cure emotional disorders? A new book suggesting this is selling well, especially in college bookstores.

The book, *Nutrition and Your Mind*, is written by Dr. George Watson, formerly professor of psychology at the University of California in Los Angeles, who believes that "there simply isn't enough scientific knowledge about the mind upon which to base the practice of psychotherapy." Ascribing most mental and emotional disorders to physical malfunctions of the body's metabolism, he maintains that every person is of a certain psychochemical type, mainly based on the speed of his use of available blood sugar. Dr. Watson be-

lieves that psychoses can be cured by putting the patient on the right kind of diet. An editor's note warns that "before making a self diagnosis based on the suggestions George Watson makes, you should first check with your own physician." Interviewed physicians who read the book hoped that people buying *Nutrition and Your Mind* will pay attention to that warning.

*Proper nutrition is an important part of preventive medicine*, as health-foodists know—but do they know enough? Realizing that little is known about nutrition and that physicians in particular often do not know enough, Senator Richard S. Schweiker of Pennsylvania introduced this summer a bill (S 3696) providing funds for research and training. The money would go to medical schools to help them set up better programs in nutrition for medical students, interns, and residents. ▼

## WHAT WOMEN WANT

(Continued from page 57)

## I can tell you how to be happy

chose solitude instead. Solitude can be nearly as comforting as drugs or fraternities, since there are no other people to remind a solitary person how little like a folk society his society has become. My father had only his young wife with him on his happiest day. My parents were one flesh that day. My grandfather had only a friend with him on his happiest day. There was very little talking—because the locomotive made so much noise.

As for my own happiest day: I was happy because I believed that the Department of Anthropology at the University of Chicago was a small, like-minded family which I was being allowed to join. This was not true.

As I have said before, I can explain *everything* in terms of this biochemical-anthropological theory of mine. Only two men are less mystified by the human condition than I am today: Billy Graham and Maharishi. If my theory is mistaken, it scarcely matters; I was told that this need

not be a serious speech anyway.

Also, whether I am mistaken or not, we are surely doomed, and so are our artifacts. I have the word of an astronomer on this. Our sun is going to exhaust its fuel eventually. When the heat stops rushing out from its core, our sun will collapse on itself. It will continue to collapse until it is a ball perhaps forty miles in diameter. We could put it between here and Bridgeport.

It will wish to collapse even more, but the atomic nuclei will prevent this. An irresistible force will meet an immovable object, so to speak. There will be a tremendous explosion. Our sun will become a supernova, a flash such as the Star of Bethlehem is thought to have been. Earth Day cannot prevent this.

Somewhere in that flash will be the remains of a 1912 Oldsmobile, a cowcatcher from a locomotive, the University of Chicago, and the paper clip from this year's Blashfield Address.

I thank you. ▼

# BOOKS

## BEST NOW: SOME NEW, SOME YOU'VE MISSED

▼▼▼ **FODOR'S PEKING**, by Odile Cail (David McKay, 212 pages, \$6.95). A fascinating book that tells almost everything about the trip of the year—\$1,500 or so by air. Most surprising is the medievalism of Peking—not cosmopolitan at all—a city where foreigners were always confined to a very small district. The palaces, history have their allure; but food seems to be the main attraction.

▼▼▼½ **DEAR HENRY**, by Danielle Hunebelle (Berkley, 224 pages, \$1.25 paperback). An obsessive, gushy but revealing portrait of Henry Kissinger, the man behind President Nixon's throne. Danielle Hunebelle, a French television reporter and writer, sees Kissinger as a German refugee who made good. When she asks him if he couldn't just as well have played the same role in the Kremlin, he replied, "Yes, but

in the Kremlin, I'd be more influenced by Marxism."

▼▼ **PARIS WAS YESTERDAY**, by Janet Flanner (Viking, 232 pages, \$8.50). Janet Flanner helped make Paris the sleek monster of the American imagination. Here's how, from the 'twenties and 'thirties.

▼▼ **THE WASHINGTON PAY-OFF**, by Robert N. Winterberger (Lyle Stuart, 341 pages, \$10). A tattletale report on Washington corruption warmed-over by the P.R. man who acted as a go-between. The index of famous names is the chief titillation.

▼▼½ **THE SETTLERS**, by Meyer Levin (Simon and Schuster, 832 pages, \$10). It isn't *Exodus*, but a big satisfying novel that follows the Chaimovitch family from Czarist Russia to Palestine just after the Balfour Declaration of 1917—vast, exciting, and corny. ▼

Vogue's rating: ▼▼▼▼ = the best of all books.



## FRANCES FITZGERALD The first book that sees Vietnam

from both sides, *Fire in the Lake, The Vietnamese and the Americans in Vietnam* (Atlantic-Little Brown, 491 pages, \$12.50). Frances FitzGerald left, the thirty-one-year-old writer-reporter, shows in this controversial book how Americans have missed the point in

Vietnam—a paradoxical country rooted in primitive tribalism, esoteric Buddhism, and fanatic Catholicism where government does not depend on ideas but on men who can switch easily from one politics to another. "I suppose I believed when I was growing up, rather naively, that democracy should work everywhere, that everyone would be better off American." At work on her book for four years, Frances FitzGerald said, "I thought I was writing a history of the war, but it turns out to be only a midterm report. I was fascinated by the larger questions of our relationship to the East and a growing sense that our idealism served to camouflage our more basic motives."



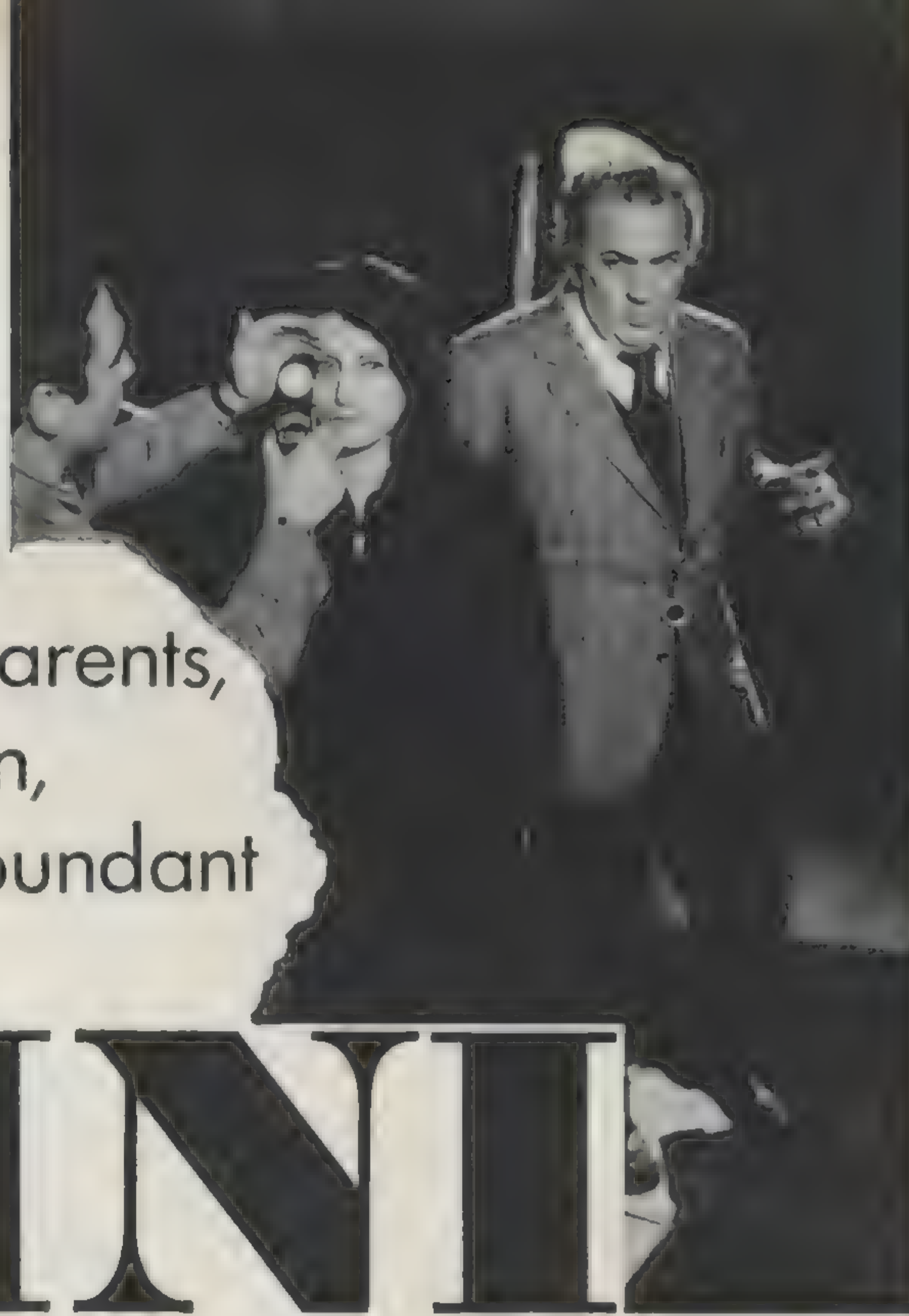
# FELLINI

One of the world's greatest film directors talks about women, parents,

**O**N circus magic, muscle men, Rome, love—and life abundant beyond understanding

# FELLINI

BY JOSÉ LUÍS DE VILALLONGA



Federico Fellini, near left, at work on "Fellini's Roma," the latest of his funny, monstrous, sprawling autobiographical movies. This one recalls Fellini's arrival in Rome in 1938 at the age of twenty, his discovery of the city and of himself.

**V**ia Bocca di Leone, in the very heart of Rome, Federico Fellini brakes gently. Five horsemen are emerging from a blazoned portal. They are mounted on beautiful Anglo-Norman horses, glossy coated, harnessed with English leather.

In the lead, a very tall, very handsome man, grey-templed, abstracted, in tweed jacket and black boots. It is Don Alessandro Torlonia, one of the most powerful of the great Italian landowners. Behind him, a slim gold-handled whip gripped under her arm, the Infanta Donna Beatriz de Borbón and Battenberg, his wife, whose transparent blue eyes and aquiline profile recall, strikingly, her deceased father, Alfonso XIII, the last king of Spain. Following this couple, two young boys, their heads held high, and a young woman, blond and fragile, who pulls on the reins of her mare, flurried by the throbbing motors of the halted cars. Federico Fellini observes the scene, fascinated: "There you have Italy," he murmurs. "A Jaguar pulled over to the sidewalk so that horses ridden by princes can pass! And two steps away from the Via Condotti, in the heart of Rome. . . ."

He gives a brief bark of laughter tinged with slight bitterness: "It's marvelous, isn't it, to live in a country which has not yet acknowledged the frontiers between the twentieth century and the Middle Ages."

Ten minutes later, in a dim corner of the Caffè Greco, the very one haunted by the ghosts of Byron and Shelley, for four solid hours Federico Fellini relates his childhood to me. He narrates as one did in the past. Composedly. Delightedly. He has gestures that embrace the world and sidelong glances that serve to hide his feelings. They are the gestures and the glances of a hypnotic magician or those of a

disabused tragedian gently mocking the true depth of his tale. Is he dreaming with eyes open? Is he lying from the bottom of his heart?

"I was born in Rimini. It is important to be born in an out-of-the-ordinary place. If I were from Genoa, I would probably have become a banker and I would have a pot belly. If I had been born in Seville, I would be a bullfighter and would spend my life dying of fear. Rimini is a fabulous city. It always has been, it still is, it always will be."

Tell me about your childhood. . . . Fellini smiles. It is the smile of a man who sees exactly what you are driving at. In a circus, Fellini would be the joy of the magician. He has instant telepathy. He never loses the thread of another's ideas. He predicts. He pushes. He brakes. He is ahead of each question by several seconds.

"I had a magic childhood. . . ."

He reflects a second and adds:

"Three elements dominated it; the sea, the circus, and the church. My childhood is a dream I keep building my whole life long. Nothing real has ever happened to me. I have invented it all."

Fellini has just held out the key to his mysteries. I seize it, relieved.

"My father was from the province of Romagna. His name was Urbano. Urbano Fellini. He was tall, calm, and smiling. Particular characteristic: he was never there.

"Representative of a firm of food products whose specialties were marmalades and coffee, my father traveled incessantly all through the north of Italy. I never had any real intimacy with my father. More than a father, I saw in him the incarnated myth of the kind of man he never ceased to extoll throughout his life: the solid, traditional *petite bourgeoisie* of modest ambitions whose essential cults were very simple: the motherland, the dear departed, the

family. He believed wholeheartedly in everything he said.

"In reality, my father intimidated me very much. He wanted to make a lawyer out of me. I became—I think to his eternal shame—a journalist. At the end of his life, having recovered from his disappointment, my father became a fervent admirer of my films. I would like to have known him better. And to have loved him better. . . ."

**O**f his mother, Ida Barbiani, Fellini speaks in a totally different tone. An undefinable tone, with feigned detachment and real respect, in which fear is present. "My mother is Roman." This time he cannot prevent himself from making the announcement with solemnity. The little boy from Rimini is still impressed by the idea of being born of a Roman. The legend of the she-wolf still seems present in his childhood dreams.

"Yes, my mother is Roman."

We will never get further than that. Latin men are never at ease speaking of their mothers.

"My mother is a very worthy woman who has been pained by certain of my films. . . ." Fellini, ill at ease, adds without transition: "It was by the sea that I had the revelation of Woman."

Fellini would make any yellow-press columnist very happy. His headlines all belong to serialized novels.

"I was eight years old. I was in second grade at the Sisters of St. Vincent. At that time, an enormous woman, white and dirty, lived alone in a sort of hut she had built herself on the beach. At night, on the sand, she gave herself to the fishermen who dared approach her. They paid her by allowing her to gather from the bottom of their boats those minuscule sardines which in Rimini are called *saraghine*. Naturally this woman was nicknamed La Saraghina. For



two cents, La Saraghina would slowly pull up her huge ragged skirt and show, for several seconds, an immense livid posterior which would have made educated people think of the legend of Moby Dick. For twice the price, La Saraghina would turn around. The first time I saw her, I had gone to the beach with four of my classmates. To raise the necessary money we had scraped the bottom of the barrel, sold marbles, borrowed from friends. It was the middle of summer. The night was warm, superb. In the moonlight, the sand trembled like mercury. We announced our presence to La Saraghina by throwing stones onto the tin roof of her hut. She rushed out like an infuriated animal, shrieking curses. When she saw us, she came several steps towards us without ceasing her terrible oaths. All five of us were paralyzed with terror. We didn't even have the courage to back away. La Saraghina was dressed in a blue-and-black-striped sailor's jersey and a skirt in rags which stopped above her knees. She had enormous ivory calves.

"Have you any money?"

"Yes . . . yes. . ."

"Bring it here!"

"I was the one who approached her. La Saraghina had the head of a lion, Chinese eyes, a very wide mouth which grimaced as if made of rubber. She smelled strongly of the fish that nourished her, of the seaweed caught in her hair, of the gasoline and tar from the boats that blackened her ankles. . . . I laid the money at her feet, on the sand: coins knotted in a big checked handkerchief. Then I withdrew hastily.

"Seeing me flee, La Saraghina gave a shriek of laughter that froze my blood. A great laugh which sounded to my ears like the roaring sea within a conch shell. La Saraghina counted the money, coin after coin, out loud. The price was there. The price of her whole number. She executed it slowly, like a magic rite. She smiled, remote, with a sort of pathetic pride, even arrogance. It was marvelous and terrible at the same time. Seized by a sort of sudden collective panic, we decamped even before the spectacle had ended. We ran so fast that several of us had to flop down in the sand more than once, like panting hares."

Fellini suddenly stops speaking. When he becomes melancholy or dreamy, his face takes on a strangely feminine beauty.

"That same evening, my Uncle Albino, who was visiting us, left a big package of books on a table. My Uncle Albino's hobby was occultism and he frightened me terribly: in his presence I became mute. As a young man my Uncle Albino had searched for the secret of the philosopher's stone in old books of spells. He never found it. This failure had made him sarcastic and little inclined towards confidences. My Uncle Albino and his books fascinated me. One of the volumes on the table was a book of black magic. I opened it to a page covered with medieval drawings representing the devil in all his forms—angel, animal, monster. At the bot-

tom of the page, drawn in fine black lines, to my stupefaction, I recognized: La Saraghina. She had the body of a leopard, a bottom as big as the world, and, on her head, a sparkling crown of precious stones in the form of human eyes.

**T**rembling in every limb, I closed the book and went up to bed on tiptoe. Christopher Columbus discovering America could never have known such emotion. I absolutely had to see La Saraghina again. I wanted to talk to her. I wanted to hear her voice. The next day, at noon, I stood planted in front of the barrack where La Saraghina lived. In the doorway, seated astride a bandy-legged straw chair, she was mending an old fishing net with a wooden needle. This time I saw her in full daylight. The beach was deserted under the burning sun. I was there, incredibly calm, to see the fabulous monster close up.

"La Saraghina recognized me at once. She looked at me without speaking for a long moment. Then laying the fishing net down on her gigantic thighs, she smiled at me. A very sweet smile, very sad, like the smile that lit my mother's face when she forgave me some foolishness. I realized that La Saraghina was beautiful.

"Good morning, Madam," I said, in a voice which did not tremble.

"La Saraghina replied to my greeting by a nod of her head. That morning her hair was loose on her shoulders, as shiny as silk. Suddenly, she began to sing. I recognized a popular tune which flooded all the cafés of the town all day long over the radio. A rumba, I think.

"La Saraghina had a very curious voice. A thread of a voice. Very pure, very clear, very tender. In one instant, I began to love La Saraghina.

"How prettily you sing, Madam," I said, bowing as I had seen certain old men bow to ladies on Sundays after church. Abruptly, La Saraghina was silent. She took up the fishing net; and, causing her chair to creak, she turned her back on me. As I did not budge, she ordered me over her shoulder in a bored and weary voice, 'Go away, little boy, go-go.'

"I obeyed. I bowed once again, even lower than before, to which she paid no attention. I turned around and went. I never saw her again. I had, that day, discovered sin. The miraculous sin. The one by which one lives. But I didn't understand it until many years later."

I remain dumbfounded, openmouthed. Fellini, from whom no nuance escapes, is visibly disquieted by this.

"I swear that I am completely incapable of inventing," he says with vehemence. "The only thing I know how to do is interpret my own memories more or less successfully. It is true I exaggerate the elements that go to make up the truth. Perhaps it is by accident?"

The rest of the story is no less strange. Very troubled by his second meeting with La Saraghina, the little boy ran to abase himself at the

feet of his usual confessor. He talked to him at great length, his forehead pressed against the mahogany trellis of the immense confessional made to measure for great sins. He told him what he had done, what he had heard. The confessor was profoundly stupefied. This eight-year-old child, with the seraphic eyes, had approached the Monster and, in one swoop, had understood the profound meaning of the existence of woman. When the man in the soutane, white with anger, affirms that La Saraghina is of an abominable breed, a product of hell, the child denies it and speaks of the startling resemblance between the smile of his mother and that of the prostitute. When he hears the name of the latter coupled with that of Satan, he replies in a tone tinged with irony that the black angel had a very pretty voice. When finally the priest, driven to distraction by such calm, threatens him with eternal hellfire, Federico is already dreaming of a third trip to paradise beach.

"Since La Saraghina, I have only been at ease loving women with big bottoms," adds Fellini. . . .

A blue-and-silver bus has just drawn up beside us. Men and women descend from it, silent, their eyes turned towards the Basilica of St. Peter. Preceded by a very young redheaded abbé, they head slowly towards the center of the square, strapped with cameras of all kinds; the abbé stops abruptly and with the index finger of his right hand points out to the group of pilgrims a series of windows on the third floor of one of the palaces of the Vatican Hill. They are the private apartments of the Pope. Immediately several women fall to their knees. The men remove their hats.

Fellini is watching the scene. His silence seems interminable. All of a sudden, he relaxes. His black eyes glitter. His hands flutter: "I have often read," he says, "that most of my films can be considered as violent attacks on the existence of the Church. What absurdity! Such accusations prove that between the Church and me indestructible ties of love exist. One attacks only what one fears and loves. Such a union often engenders passion. The only deadly and fatal weapon is indifference.

"Some people have affirmed quite simply that I was an atheist. An atheist! But what on earth does that mean in my country, an atheist? I don't know the exact definition that dictionaries give to the word. But surely somewhere can be found the expression 'outside the bosom of the Church.' And it is precisely there that the ridiculousness of the whole thing begins. I am, above all, an Italian. If someone should ask me, 'Can one be an Italian and an atheist?' I would reply, 'Yes.' Certainly. Italy shelters the most aggressive atheists in the world. But if one should ask me, 'Can one be Italian, an atheist, and live completely outside the bosom of the Church?' my reply would be, 'A thousand times no!'"

It is the coffee hour—sacrosanct in Italy—when Fellini finally (Continued on page 96)



## MOVIES

## SUMMER FUN, SOME ARE NOT

▼▼▼ **THE RULING CLASS**, with Peter O'Toole. Peter O'Toole has his peculiar charms and, as a madman who makes it into Parliament with alarming ease, is particularly charming. There's no fool like a mad fool, especially in an election year.

▼▼▼ **FRENZY**, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, his best in years. Scary and hilarious by turns, it plays all the wise tricks, making murder funny, forgivably unreal. As usual, the actors don't count except for Vivien Merchant who makes dry wit out of high cuisine.

▼▼½ **PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT**, with Richard Benjamin, Lee Grant, and Karen Black. After this, Portnoy isn't the only one with a complaint. An hour-and-forty-minute-long Jewish-mother joke should bring even more yaks, but not when Richard Benjamin tells it. Lee Grant, as the mother, is funnier than the joke.

▼▼ **POPE JOAN**, with Liv Ullmann. A female pope is not a joke, even if she is a ninth-

century woman. This movie gets lost trying to decide whether it's for the Jesus freaks or ladies who've just had their hair done.

▼▼ **THE NEW CENTURIONS**, with George C. Scott, Jane Alexander, and Stacy Keach. Why won't someone give George C. Scott a nice, friendly, smiling kind of Jimmy Stewart part? He must get awfully tired of growling and acting mean. If you like tough cops, you'll like this one.

▼ **THE LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS**, from the Broadway comedy by Neil Simon. Somewhere the laughs got lost from this one. Maybe it's Alan Arkin who is neither hot nor red or maybe it's the yawning, let's-raid-the-icebox TV situation-comedy syndrome. Thank heaven for three girls: Sally Kellerman, Paula Prentis, Renee Taylor.

—▼ **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN RIDE!** with Lee Van Cleef. If only they'd get back on their horses and ride off in the other direction.

Vogue's rating: ▼▼▼▼ = The best of all films



## STACY KEACH

*Up for a count of ten in "Fat City,"* directed by John Huston. Stacy Keach is not your usual actor. He has lots to say that he hasn't been told to say. Because he doesn't like most plays, he acts in Shakespeare—his *Hamlet* in New York's Central Park was a

choice, controversial triumph. Because he doesn't like most movies, he ends up playing parts that might have been sorted out of the loony bin. In *Fat City*, from Leonard Gardner's novel that many think is one of the best from the 'sixties, Stacy Keach is Billy Tully, a burnt-out fighter who's taken his lumps. Keach couldn't be finer. "We're all there in Billy, staggering to get up to take the next one." Keach wins by decision.

## FELLINI

(Continued from page 95)

talks to me of the circus. He does so spontaneously, without my having to ask questions or to elicit disclosures:

"The balcony of my bedroom gave onto the market square. Saturdays, at five o'clock in the morning, animals invaded the square. White oxen with lyre-shaped horns. Cows, ruminating in an eternal melancholy due, no doubt, to the proximity of the indifferent oxen. Pigs, dirty, horrible, with, in their pink eyes, that mean and vengeful look which I rediscovered later in the eyes of certain financiers—for distrust engenders a piglike look in financiers, when signing contracts. I spent all day Saturday glued to the balcony railing.

"The other days of the week the market square was of no interest. But one winter morning—a Thursday to be precise—unusual noises awakened me in my bed. I heard shouts, the clattering of innumerable clogs, throbbing motors. I opened wide the shutters of my balcony. The spectacle took my breath away.

"An immense white umbrella had fallen from the sky. The whole square was covered. I gave a shriek of joy: the circus was there! I rushed down the stairs four at a time.

"On the doorstep another world began. A world without frontiers, as vast as the imagination. Under the giant flower of the white canvas tent which I had taken for an umbrella, a noisy motley multitude—men, women, and children—busied themselves around wagons and cages, for the first time in my life I saw animals imprisoned. Steaming cauldrons smelled of soup. Children sucked at their mothers' breasts. Huge quarters of red meat disappeared as if by enchantment into the jaws of wild beasts. Such noise, such violent colors, a warmth which caught in your throat, and, above all, the smell—sawdust, manure, sweat—in which I discovered the most marvelous of perfumes, made me insane, sick with happiness. I began to vibrate with a sort of fever which was nothing but joy in its purest form. In these circus people, I had just recognized, confusedly, my own people. The only people in the world I would always understand.

## "The only deadly and

"I spent the whole morning under the big top without anyone paying the slightest attention to me. I saw mustachioed men with pink biceps lift enormous dumbbells which, on falling to the ground, rebounded as light as balloons. A venerable old lady who told her rosary while stroking her beautiful white beard. A young woman, very beautiful, very pale, very distinguished, who was sliding into her throat a long green desperate-looking snake. A very calm gentleman who was hitting a woman knitting booties with a large saber. Another man, as calm as the first, who emptied his pockets of a string of rabbits, doves, smoking cigars, electric light bulbs, bouquets of flowers.

"Exhausted by this incredible day, I fell deeply asleep at the dinner table. In spite of my terrible fatigue, I again spent the greater part of this memorable evening clinging to the ironwork of my balcony, listening to the roars of the lions, the cracking of whips, and the music. A special music, different from any I had ever heard before. Alive, gay, and vulgar but which leaves, nevertheless, a taste of ashes in your mouth.

"The third night, my father suddenly decided to take his children to the show. My mother protested for form's sake. She could already see us, my brother and me, led astray by the vision of this dangerous world which she instinctively felt, with a sort of common sense mixed with superstition, to be poisonously attractive.

"Seated in the front row of the magic circle, I made the acquaintance that night of Life. Real Life. The one which is beyond understanding. And I fell, at the same time, violently in love with the first perfectly irrational being who had ever crossed my path: a sixteen-year-old ballerina, wearing a tutu, her legs sheathed in mauve, who played the 'Serenade' by Toselli on a violin while riding a trotting donkey. I was fainting with happiness. When the circus left Rimini, I cried for hours.

"Even today the circus overwhelms me and terrorizes me as it did when I was a child. I cannot help seeing in it the desper-



ate effort man makes to organize his own life. Every element of life is found there, pell-mell, just as violent, just as tragic, just as tender. Everyone, without exception. Life as a collectivity. The most difficult one there is. One finds grace in it, too. Because there are children. And rhythm. Because there are animals. And fear. Because there is man. And let us not forget death, always present—as in all rites, all religions—waiting patiently for its victims whether innocent or guilty. The circus is a spectacle on the very edge of madness. That is why it fascinates me."

Federico looks as if he were about to get up. But he thinks better of it and murmurs: "And the circus women . . . tall, strong, reassuring. Powerful thighs, nobly curved hips . . . welcoming bosoms to shelter you from the storm. Circus women. Sensual. Maternal."

Federico Fellini smiles with nostalgia at the memory of his first appearance as a reporter in Rome. Then suddenly his face darkens: "I first ran afoul of the Fascists when I was working for *Marc-Aurelio*. On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the newspaper, we received an official visit from Ettore Muti who was then the Secretary of the Fascist Party. I remember him very well.

"Muti was a handsome young man of about thirty, tall, slim, his face tanned by the sun and sports. Exactly the kind of person I have never been able to stand. One of those athletic torsos that thrill girls on the beach. . . . He awaited us in the director's office, hands on hips, feet apart, chin high, in that typical Mussolini pose which, at the time, electrified the crowds.

"One after the other, the editors stood before him at attention and introduced themselves in stentorian voices, not by their names but by the title of their column. When my turn came—I was in civilian clothes whereas most of my colleagues wore the black shirt of the Party—I stopped in front of him with a rather nonchalant air and said in a conversational tone, 'Are you listening to me?'

"Ettore Muti started. His eyes

lit with fury, but he controlled himself and replied, 'Yes.'

"Then, pretending surprise, I repeated my question, 'Are you listening to me?' It was the title of my column.

"A vein began to swell in the man's throat. He yelled, 'Yes, I am listening to you. I've already said so!' And as I continued to pretend astonishment, he charged at me.

"Thank God, the director of *Marc-Aurelio* came between us. Trembling, he explained the situation in a few words. Ettore Muti turned scarlet. I am sure he was about to slap me. But he controlled himself. He looked me in the eyes for a long moment—another of Mussolini's tricks—then he barked coldly, 'A piece of advice, young man! Cut your hair. It is too long. You look like a pansy.'

"The Fascist epoch was, above all, imbecility raised to the level of political thought. Imagine an era when ignorance was glorified. An era when culture was suspect; erudition, the weakness of a gutter rat; courtesy, sensitivity, and taste, the blemishes of a pederast. . . . Mussolini was not an imbecile—far from it. Which only made him more dangerous. He was a first-class bluffer—one who believes totally in the reality of his desires. He knew how to promise, to laugh, to scold. He was a loudmouth who slept openly with women, rode horseback, rode a motorcycle, swam, boasting all the while that he suffered from several venereal diseases.

"Mussolini was not, like his sinister Teutonic colleague, a vegetarian, nor sober, nor onanist, nor Wagnerian. He was a fairly typical Italian. People in Italy really loved him. Why deny it? The proof is that they hung him by his feet from a butcher's hook. The way one hangs a lover who has monstrously betrayed you. Personally, I hold a grudge against him, above all, for having pierced to the very heart of the Italians. In other words, for having raped us. One day he looked us in the eye and said, 'Fool, I will make you King.' Terrible words. And we believed him. You know the result."

Fellini lowers his voice and sighs. "And then, he invented

(Continued on page 98)

# TV

## STAY TUNED FOR—

▼▼▼½ **THE LIFE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI**, five Sundays, beginning August 13, CBS. Commercial television has caught on to the power of the televised biography. This one on the great Renaissance painter and inventor was two years in the making—lavish, accurate, but still not the final word on a man so complex that he has baffled each following age.

▼▼▼ **EVENING AT POPS**, Tuesday at 8:30 P.M., EST, PBS. August 22, the Boston Ballet dancing to music, from *Carmen* to rock, played by the Boston Pops orchestra, showing that pop music—as the conductor Arthur Fiedler well understands—has been hitting the same chords for a long time.

▼▼▼ **THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION**, August 21-23, NBC. Four years ago, CBS seemed to have the edge in convention reporting and excitement; ABC, a funny eye for trivia; but, this year, NBC at the Democratic Convention had a welcome cynicism, not jaded but still world-weary.

▼▼▼ **WAR AND PEACE**, the Russian-made movie, running four nights consecutively, August 12-15, ABC. An extraordinary movie, 7½ hours in length, that touches the Romantic core of Tolstoy's sprawling novel about the impact of Napoleon on early nineteenth-century Russia—first of a series of novels-for-television on ABC but no competition for *The Forsyte Saga*.

▼▼▼ **THE DAVID STEINBERG SHOW**, 8:00 P.M. EST, August 16, CBS. David Steinberg is a cultivated taste—funny or pathetic as you will. But his summer show has been one up-spot in a haze of rerun reruns. This is the last of the series.

▼▼▼▼ **THE BREAD AND PUPPET THEATRE**, Hollywood Television Theatre series, August 31, PBS. Puppets and masks seem to have the power to say things that seem silly or melodramatic in the mouths of conventional actors. B. and P. turns all sorts of contemporary complexities into parables at once beautiful and moving.

Vogue's rating: ▼▼▼▼ = The best of all television programs



## THE LOCAL NEWS

*Putting a face on the eyes and ears of the world*, KRON-TV 4, in San Francisco, put dog masks on its newscasters (including Dave Valentine, left) during a campaign called "The Newshounds of Newswatch 4." In other cities, television reporters now dress as cowboys, ride motorcycles while "gathering news." At one station, a kindly old man seated on a park bench reads the newspaper aloud—in the manner of New York's late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, who read the funnies over the radio during a 'forties newspaper strike. A national trend. A San Francisco viewer said about the newshounds on KRON-TV 4, "It was reassuring to see a dog face after all the human ones."



when they bought the large "white elephant of a house" on a hilltop instead of a "small house on a river." No steamboats to watch but as compensation there was room at least for the superb Chinese Chippendale furniture Nonie Schippers had inherited from her mother, the late Mrs. Michael Grace Phipps. "It's truly our home now and a place to go back to," said Nonie, "from wherever we are."

Cincinnati, then, and the sprawling white American house is where the Schippers return from, among the places that keep them moving every six or seven weeks, the Metropolitan Opera in New York, Spoleto where Schippers is music director, and Milan where he conducts at La Scala and is director of special projects for Italian radio and television. Appraising the Schippers life recently, a friend said, "Tom is a consummate musician who happens to be married to a musician's consummate wife." What she meant was that Nonie (Elaine to begin with), the Easterner whom Tom Schippers of Portage, Michigan, married seven years ago, rarely misses one of her husband's re-

hearsals or actual performances ("except when I don't like the music he is playing"), is with him at luncheon and dinner, on the tennis courts and over the bridge table, and keeps up their crossroads apartments in New York and in Spoleto (they're thinking about a third in Greece).

Pulling together the great white house in Cincinnati, a job that might have thrown others, seems to have gone pleasurably. Nonie told Paul Dorsett, the decorator, right off that she wanted to "get rid of all the dark corners," that she thought the house called for marvelous wallpapers, that she'd never forgotten a movie with lace curtains blowing out of a window in Sicily, and that she'd like some blowing out of her library windows in Cincinnati. But she never had a plan and just "moved from room to room and didn't know what was coming next."

Nonie Schippers is quite sure that her husband thought she was a "nut" because she wanted the wallpaper; but "once he knew there was going to be some, he decided to take a definite interest in the parts of the

house he lived in, *especially* his study." Nonie knew, too, that she wanted lots of white—her mother had always had white about her and "since she was English, she always wanted things to be comfortable."

The Schippers days in Cincinnati have an original and even extraordinary rhythm. When Nonie Schippers says they are up early, she doesn't exaggerate. Rising time is around six A.M. and by seven Tom Schippers is studying, leaving for his rehearsals at nine-thirty. Between this time and luncheon—around two when he returns, sometimes with as many as eight guests, some unexpected—Nonie does "all those boring things, like going to the grocer's, cleaner's, you know, the whole thing. Food? I never thought about food until I was married, and now it's practically what I think about all the time." Much of the time, however, Maria, her Spanish housekeeper, does the cooking; but Nonie loves to prepare stews, Italian dishes, hot soups, "simple things" and always fruit salad for dessert: "It's the only dessert Tommy will eat."

After lunch when Tom

Schippers rests for an hour, Nonie plays tennis or goes horseback riding or visits her father, Michael Grace Phipps, the rancher and polo player, when he is just over the border in Kentucky. She works on her flowers and nurses her pets—dogs, raccoons, muskrats, birds—so abundant that a friend insists she is "an animal freak." The cat Nonie fished out of a canal in Venice she carried home and gave to a friend. She kept the dog she and her husband retrieved from a dock in Naples; and if you inquire about the species, she says straight on, "Oh, he's definitely a Neapolitan setter."

While historical biography ("I live in the past, it seems") interests Nonie profoundly, shopping around does not. "You don't have to be beautiful anymore and it's all so easy." This means two skirts, eight body shirts, and two Givenchy dresses for special nights are more or less the backbone of her wardrobe. She collects shawls, wears a sari that belonged to her mother—sometimes, even her mother's twenty-year-old dresses that are still in beautiful condition. At home she wears pants or what one

the muscle man. For that I will never forgive him. These 'muscles' had the right to a uniform, to a high salary, and, naturally, to the beatific admiration of most women, who, everyone knows, where men are concerned, show a marked preference for quantity over quality. Brawn was cultivated in Italy whereas in the rest of Europe one cultivated the mind.

"Personally, I fought this state of affairs by playing the fool. A system of self-defense I particularly favor. It baffles those who consider laughter to be an insult, which was the case with most Fascists—pompous people. So, I sold my gym trunks as earlier I had sold my school books. I put my shoes on the wrong foot. I sang off-key. I shrieked patriotic slogans during the 'moment of silence.' I affected

to love Negroes. In short, from the first, I behaved with an obstinate resistance. . . ."

The car is now driving through spacious streets bordered by large sleeping villas. Silhouetted against the sky, the trees have taken on the aspect of an old Indian ink engraving.

"I love night," said Fellini. "Night is the knockout blow to life's anxieties. I imagine death a little like that, with stars, trees, a moon which is always round, and houses inhabited by discreet spectators."

Fellini is silent, then, point-blank, Giulietta Masina, his wife, is onstage.

"When I married her, I obeyed a sort of predestination. I had to. It was indisputable. First, I heard her. . . . Yes. On the radio. She was reciting an advertising blurb I had written for

some new perfume or other. . . . And it was listening to her that I fell in love with her . . . her voice. . . . The day I was allowed to visit Giulietta's house I discovered, with amazement, the existence of a world I have never imagined. A world of serenity, of harmony, of gaiety. . . ."

"Outside in the street, a few feet away from us, was disorder, the imbecile disorder of war, fear. . . . I adored Giulietta's house. In it reigned, strikingly, an air of 1900. Human relationships to which I was no longer accustomed. Courtesy, discretion, silence. . . . Like in Russian theater played by English actors. It smelled of wax, of verbena, of starched sheets. There were bits of lace on the cushions of the chairs, bits of old embroidery under the lamps, and, hanging on the walls, green landscape paint-

ings in which grazed cows with languorous eyes. And there was, lastly, the heart and soul of this secret, unreal world, Giulietta, calm, smiling, tranquil, mysterious, half-woman, half-child. . . . For the first time in my life I approached a totally reassuring being.

"When I arrived at Giulietta's, there was, always ready for me, a tray of cakes and a decanter of sweet wine. Sometimes there was a cake she had made herself. At that moment of universal starvation it was like a miracle. We would install ourselves in the living room, soberly seated on a red plush sofa, and there, under the discreet surveillance of her aunt from Milan, we would talk and laugh, forgetting the horrors let loose outside by the stupidity of man.

"Within those quilted walls



neighbor calls "lovely, flowing things."

Dinner hour for the Schippers is around nine, but it can be later, after a rehearsal, with friends and preferably eaten in front of the fire in the flowery conservatory which Nonie calls the greenhouse. Nonie would rather not entertain after regular concerts, because she's "always nervous then and exhausted when they're over. And no, though I love music, I never try to talk about it to Tommy."

If there's one genuine drawback to being a conductor's wife, "it's always being on a time schedule different from one's friends' so that it's difficult to get to see them. The packing up, though, is easy. We take fourteen suitcases in all. I'm allowed one small and one medium and my face and that's it," Nonie said. Her husband takes twelve. Eleven are his office and his music and one holds his clothes. "Nonie never really seems to mind the continual changing about," a friend said. "Tommy is her whole life. Tommy is both very proud of Nonie and also asks a great deal of her, and what she is asked she gives." ▼

### ... her voice

I spent the shortest hours of my life. There I felt safe, like a badly rigged ship sheltered from the storm. . . . I had, when I met Giulietta, a vague girl friend to whom I had spoken of marriage without really believing in it. I gave her back her freedom. I took back my own and I married Giulietta. One month after the Liberation, my son was born. He resembled his mother like two peas in a pod. Like her he was, just a little bit mysterious. . . . He died two weeks later."

Federico looks straight ahead, his eyes hard as stone. Dawn is breaking, grey on the horizon, rose over the rooftops of the city, simulating dappled wounds in the pearly reflections at the top of the Basilica's oriental cupolas. Church bells are ringing in the distance. A rooster, then two, then three reply. ▼

## IRAN NOW

(Continued from page 6)

of Darius I, cut in the rock face at Naqsh-e Rostam near Persepolis. The frieze over the portal shows the conquered nations supporting the royal throne before a fire altar on which the god Ahura Mazda keeps watch.

Shiraz is the city of poets, where Saadi is buried. In the covered stalls of the Vakil Bazaar, camels still turn the ancient mills; cakes of unleavened bread are thrown at red-hot furnaces; sugar candy glistens in flat pans.

Thousands come to the shrine, the tomb of Shah-e Tcheraq. Groups of men in black prostrate themselves, mumbling prayers. At the Mosque of the Vakil a large pool in the forecourt reflects the men as they go through their daily ablutions.

**4.** Isfahan is only an hour's flight from Shiraz. From the air, a green valley spreads out grid-ironed by stucco buildings, scattered turquoise cupolas. This is the city of Shah Abbas and his master builders, frozen in time. In spring, a mist of white cherry trees races across the earth city. Pigeon aviaries rise up—conical forms—architecture without architects.

The Shah Abbas Hotel, once a palace and like most of the Iranian hotels at least partially owned by the Pahlavi family, is the most romantic hotel of the world. The Queen's chambers are tent rooms; painted golden medallions cross the vaulted ceilings. In the evening, we sipped bitter herbal teas to the tones of ancient stringed music. Persian pillows, Persian kilims, geometrics of color, red edge to blue.

The thirteenth day of each month signals an old ritual to drive out the evil spirit. People are packed into cars, trucks; some make their way on foot, by bicycle, to the country. On an open hill, the fire temple, the eternal fire is guarded. People swarm to the altar. Fire is the object of worship of the Zoroastrian; Zoroaster was the first prophet of the Iranian religion.

Isfahan's Maydan-i-Shah, Royal Square, the heart of the city, has Masjid-i-Shah mosque on the south; this was the epitome of Safavid art in the reign of Shah Abbas I (1586-1628). On the north is the great bazaar; to the west, the Ali Qapu gate

## Most romantic hotel

leading to the palace where the kings watched from the balcony the polo games below; to the east, the Shaykh Lutf Allah Mosque, the women's mosque.

In the palace, the Chehel Sutun, Pavilion of Forty Columns, built at the end of the sixteenth century, has the most beautiful paintings of Persian life: turbaned women with high cheekbones, almond eyes, drinking from elaborate vessels—the somnolent life of ancient Persia.

The great treasure is Masjid-i-Jami, The Friday Mosque, built during the golden age of the Seljuk Empire (1055-1220) under Malik Shah, whose realm stretched from China to Syria, Transoxiana to Arabia.

In the evening we visited Zur Khooneh—the ancient gymnasium. After Arab armies overran the Iranian hordes in 640 A.D., the Iranian warriors went underground, forbidden to keep up their fighting strength. In secret they wielded heavy clubs and wrestled. To this day they practice the traditional exercises.

**5.** From Teheran, we flew to Mashhad, a center for Shiite pilgrims. The golden dome of Imam Reza's tomb shines into the sun. To see the holy places, we had to be discreetly smuggled in by Iranian friends. Southwest of Mashhad lies the little town of Nishapur with the grave of Omar Khayyam.

**6.** A last architectural wonder is the tomb of Gunbad-i-Qabus, near Gurgan (a plane from Teheran to Resht and from there a three-hour drive). Standing like a pencil on the edge of the Turkoman plain, this Islamic funerary monument dates from 1006; built entirely of brick to a star-shaped plan, it rises 160 feet.

Travel in Iran is for the adventurous; nothing is prepackaged or routine. You can fly from New York to Teheran by Pan American World Airways, Japan Air Lines, or the Pakistan International Airline. For travel inside the country, a letter of introduction to a member of the Shah's court or an official of Iran Air is helpful. Comfort is in the hotels operated by the Pahlavis, and it is wise to eat all your meals at the hotels. Iran's ancient wonders are not of this world; this land is a pilgrimage. ▼

## FASHION DETAILS

**Page 74: 1.** Turnout by Anne Klein.

**Page 75: 2.** Adolfo turnout, **3** and **4.** Both turnouts from Something! by Oscar de la Renta. **5.** Sweater by Valerie Louthan. **6.** Shirt: Blousecraft Maxime de la Falaise; sweater by Marisa Christina.

**Page 76: 1.** Sweater by Knitting Inc. **2.** Ralph Lauren shirt; Marisa Christina sweater. **5.** Sweater-coat by Krizia. **6.** Halston International sweater. **7.** Blazer, of "Blackglama" natural dark ranch mink, by Geoffrey Beene for Dan Grossman.

**Page 77: 4.** Shirt by Sibley & Coffee. **8.** Pants suit by Halston.

## ACCESSORY DETAILS

FAST RUNNER, MODERN TRACK

**Pages 60, 61:** K.J.L. earrings and bracelets. Customcraft sandals.

**Page 62:** Anne Klein shirt. Laguna earrings. Belt by Elegant.

**Page 63:** Headwrap by Don Anderson for Scheer Bros., at Bergdorf Goodman. Eisenberg Ice earrings. Willie Woo necklace. Shoes by Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

**Page 64 (left):** Eisenberg Ice earrings. Round-the-Clock tights. Shoes, Shoe Biz at Henri Bendel.

**Page 64 (top right):** Madcaps hat. Earrings by Michael Moraux for Dubaux.

**Page 65:** Earrings and necklace by Marvella.

## FASHION ESSENTIALS

**Page 66:** Earrings by Robert Originals. Rhinestone chains at wrist by William de Lillo, at Bonwit Teller.

**Page 68 (left):** Halston glasses, belt, and handbag. Bangle by William de Lillo.

**Pages 68, 69: 1.** Richelieu earrings and pearl-y rope at Altman's. American Indian Arts Center necklace. **3.** Alexis Kirk pewter bracelet. **5.** Franck Olivier shirt. Gucci watch. Arlene Seitchik bracelet. **7.** Marvella imitation pearls. Franck Olivier shirt, at Lord & Taylor. **9.** Saint-Clair for Crissa shirt. Bracelet on left wrist by Coro Vendôme. Alexis Kirk bangle and ring. Ruza Creations wrist strap. **11.** Napier necklace.

**Page 70 (left):** Bandeau by Adolfo for Blassport. Handcraft scarf. Walter Katten bag. Morris Moskowitz belt. Kay Fuchs gloves.

**Page 72 (left):** Bandeau by Don Anderson for Scheer Bros., at Bergdorf Goodman. Imitation pearl bracelet and necklace by Marvella, at Lord & Taylor. Hanes tights. Shoes by Silva of Fiorentina.

**Pages 72, 73: 2** and **7.** Gucci compacts.



thing I'd rather do with my time.

"Taking care of my personal needs is simplified. I have a hairdresser who will do me at 7:00 A.M.; I have a student or sometimes a former student at the university in to help with chores at home; and I have a personal shopper, my mother in Fort Worth, Texas, who sends me my clothes. She knows what I like and, apart from some things being a size smaller than I need, we have a fine system going.

"I don't do any set exercises, but I do walk my dog regularly. I should diet, but I don't. I think it would be good to lie down before a dinner party—you know Washington has great ones—but somehow I just don't get around to it. I can't remember the last time I took a holiday. When I actually do grab a few hours to read a book, it's so rare that when I've put the book down, I feel I've had a holiday."



**Mary Lasker**

philanthropist

"If you want to make the best use of your time, you need people who are sympathetic, who can do a great deal to help you to extend your activities, take details off your back. For instance, I have someone who comes in to comb my hair every night before I go out. Friends say that's too expensive, but I think it's all part of using your time the best way you can. When I do go to the hairdresser's for a wash, I have a telephone in the booth and I often dictate to my secretary as well as call out.

"You see, my objective is to help to lower the death rate by encouraging and supporting research on cancer and heart disease. I don't mean to sound pretentious; but this means really working, seeing a lot of doctors, a lot of legislators, people in Congress who can promote legislation in relation to health care.

"This doesn't mean I don't take vacations. I'm in France and England for six weeks of the year and I'm always away in March.

"People think I have enor-

mous energy, but I need a great deal of sleep. I have to resist the temptation to do too much. I think most women are talented, but they don't set goals for themselves. They settle for trying to please their husbands and children, but they don't always please themselves very much.

"Women ought to decide what they want to do, what will make them happy—and do it. Being buried behind dishes is no excuse for not doing what you want to do. If I couldn't afford help, I'd get paper dishes, mats, napkins—everything that would make my life easier, so I could have time to be doing what I wanted to get done. I'm all for self-maintenance—for bushes, flowers, trees that take care of themselves.

"There's no one way to do things. Some people are night people, some people are morning people. You have to learn how you work best and do things your own way. If I couldn't afford to live the way I do and accomplish what I want to do, I'd live another way. I could and I have."



**Nena O'Neill**

co-author of the best-selling book *Open Marriage*

"In the morning I reserve, before I even get out of bed, fifteen minutes to think about what the day holds and what I want to do with it. A day is a precious thing, and I want to be sure to accomplish what I need to.

"Once I decided to write *Open Marriage* with my husband, our social life was greatly diminished. Sure, I left dishes in the sink if I had to. We switched roles and our work continually.

"You have to plan times to call your own that are not especially productive, times for replenishing, for 'reintegrating'—to use the computer term. If you listen to your body time, it can tell you when you need to rest. During the writing of the book I always took time off for lying in the Yoga position, the complete Alpha state. We are such a time-bound society, to our detriment, that we've consciously got to learn to be flexible.

"While the Establishment promotes the idea of a warm, lovely home—and I think we have one—I believe it's people and persons, emotions and intelligence that matter more than neatness or furniture.

"My husband and I always have the time to discuss with our son a problem or a tremendous revelation he's had that interests him and, therefore, us, too. Personal sharing is terribly important. So much so that if a married couple were on the way to a party and one of them had some insight about their relationship, I'd say it was okay to call the hostess and say, 'I'm sorry, but we'll be a little late,' and take time to listen carefully to what the other had to say."



**Alexis Smith**

star of *Follies*

"I'd like to be ten people. I think it's having avid curiosity about everything around me. I study singing, solfège, dancing, and, right now, Spanish—though it worries me that I haven't enough time to do the homework I should be doing. But everything stimulates me. Going from one place to another I play games and keep involved. I never can understand people who look forward to a party at night and find the day a drag. Take walking through the park. I'd never say, 'Oh, it's so green.' I'd count, instead, how many shades of green there were and really think about what my eye beheld. I'd think: if I were an artist, what would I choose to paint out of the whole scene? After all, we have these five marvelous senses to do with what we choose.

"I plan my days to hold more than I'm capable of doing, and I'm frustrated to a degree when I don't do everything. I'm a great believer in everyone doing his own work and I'm not one of those women who make a career of running a house, who follow the help around and say, 'Please come and do the bathtub now.' I always hope, when I'm home in California, that the maid will come the day I'm out and take

care of everything without direction from me.

"Right now, being in the play, I have a hairdresser. Otherwise I'd do it myself. I like clothes, don't like to run around after them. I just wish they'd arrive in boxes. I'm the type who needs something yesterday."

**Barbara Riboud**

sculptor, jeweler, wife of a journalist and photographer



"When my husband is at home, what I do revolves about what he does. When he's out of the house, I go about arranging for my own work. I never work in terms of days or weeks but blocks of time. I'm quite happy to work this way and usually I have one or two projects going. Art is just like the theater. When you work towards an exhibition, you have a deadline. And you work frantically. It takes about six months, no matter how you do it, to prepare an exhibit of five or six major pieces and twenty small ones.

"My husband and I are both night people, so we're up late, hardly ever rise before 9:30 or 10:00. On my working days in Paris I get going to my studio by 11:30 after I've got the house rolling. I have an *au pair* girl for my two children, who are four and eight, and a housekeeper who comes in. The children have a long day at school, almost like little business people, from 9 to 5 with a two-hour break at noon when they come home for a hot lunch that the housekeeper gives to them.

"I travel with my husband for the pleasure of being with him. Sometimes I help by writing caption material for his photographs, but rarely. My husband doesn't help with the household work at all, but he is sympathetic to my work.

"I really don't understand the women who think the solution to their days lies in working in an office. The ultimate freedom is to be able to plan your own day, your own time. That's the best freedom of all." ▼





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